

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The Berlin Story

Seymour Martin Lipset

I

► THE EAST GERMAN government and Communists began to change their policies drastically about June 7 this year following the institution of the post-Stalin line. Day after day the Communist press was full of announcements that the past policies had been wrong. They asked refugees in the West to return and promised that they would restore all confiscated property, both of farmers and private employers. They admitted that there was not enough food to go round, that men had been overworked, and that the justified grievances of the workers had been ignored. Even the newspaper published in East Berlin by the Red Army came out with a statement that not only had the East German government and the Socialist Unity Party (SED)—the party uniting the Communists and the Social Democrats which the Russians created in 1946—been wrong, but the Soviet Control Commission had followed erroneous policies. The East German leadership admitted in addition that their policy with respect to West Germany and German unification was false, and that they had not really worked for unification.

As this new policy materialized, it gave rise to discussion in West Berlin, and it must have created a stir among every sector of the population in East Berlin. One interpretation which was placed on it was that the Soviets were preparing to make a deal in which they would agree to the unification of Germany in return for continued German disarmament. No one, of course, knew what it actually meant, including probably most of the German Communists. If Germany was reunited, what would happen to them? What would happen to the members of the hated Volkspolizei (People's Police)? This insecurity of the party and the police was apparently sensed by the population.

On June 16 the building workers in one section of the Stalin Allee had an impromptu meeting on the job and apparently decided to demand a reduction in the work norms which had been raised some time before. Their demand was in line with the new policy of admitting that the workers were overworked and promising to listen to grievances and make adjustments. Some people here even suggest that this first meeting and demand may have been planned by the Communists as an example of a justified workers' demand

which would be publicly granted. Whether this is true or not is impossible to know and is relatively unimportant in view of what followed. This first group of workers decided to march down to the government buildings and present their demands. When the other workers on the Stalin Allee, who numbered thousands, heard of this, they decided to join in, and a parade formed marching down Berlin. The workers called on sidewalk spectators to join their ranks and some did. After reaching the government buildings, the affair gradually changed into a political demonstration. From shouting for economic measures, the crowd changed to a call for free elections and the resignation of the government. A minister came out to speak and was

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Editorials

The Decay of Spying

Like many another lost art (swearing, let us say, or ballroom dancing), spying seems to be virtually dead. Senator McCarthy may stir up some phosphorescence around the corpse, but we can foresee the day when the ineffectual spy will be as much a conventional figure of fun as the absent-minded professor or the suffragette. Russia and the U.S. might just as well drop the whole thing now. Why keep up the pretense? We all know that the American State Department was and is riddled with Communist spies, and yet Russia seems as ignorant as ever of what makes the West tick. The Rosenbergs themselves, for all the fuss made about them, could do no better than deliver some doodles of an Atomic bomb, whose supposed value is a standing joke with American scientists. And if Russia could not even anticipate the consequences of the demonstrations they allowed in East Berlin, where their observers could observe in the open, what chance have they in conspiracy elsewhere?

And now, on top of all this, there is Beria, who, we are amazed to discover, has been a treacherous agent of American Imperialism for many years. The U.S. has certainly paid Russia back for Alger Hiss, who, after all, never achieved such eminence as Beria. But if Russia had never discovered Beria's activities, the U.S. would have been well advised to fire him anyway. Truman and Eisenhower seem to have profited very little by their pipeline to the Kremlin. Of course, all this may simply mean that if Eisenhower or Malenkov can't decide what to do next, the spy has either to admit ignorance of the enemy's policy or concoct something to save face. Perhaps the world leaders have no policy, or, even if they do, have lost the art of communicating it. The Beria fiasco is symptomatic. Pity the poor spy; his days are numbered.

Election Gimmicks

The apathy with which the general public regards the federal election campaign is so monumental that even newspaper editors, who need the nourishing illusion that they utter the cry of millions, have been forced to comment upon it. The most partisan newspapers have been hard pressed to find quotations from election speeches of sufficient interest to merit front page treatment. One result has been to make more evident the assimilation of electioneering methods to advertising. Like the advertising man faced with the consumer indifference that comes from a surfeit of huckstering, the politician must attract attention before he can deliver his message.

The decline in importance of the election meeting is not, of course, peculiar to this election, but it seems to have reached its nadir in the present campaign. Even the glamor boys of the major parties are sometimes barely able to attract the handful of listeners necessary if their supporting newspapers are to report "large and enthusiastic" audiences. If the voters are to be sold the product, they must be influenced through the mass media, billboards, direct mail advertising and door-to-door peddling. The last technique is limited by the availability of enthusiastic voluntary workers, a commodity in short supply, but in isolated instances new gimmicks are being developed to overcome this. One candidate, taking a lesson from the salesmen of alumini-

num cooking utensils, has prevailed upon complaisant housewives of his political faith to invite their friends to house parties where he demonstrates his wares.

The increasing emphasis on mass media publicity and advertising techniques has at least two consequences that we feel are not entirely healthy for the body politic. In the first place it further adds to the expense of electioneering and thus to the competitive advantage of the two older parties. Only with large love-offerings from business (contributed in the expectation of reciprocal affection) can the costs of modern advertising on a significant scale be met. When the public is apathetic the minority parties have much less chance to communicate the merits of their wares. Secondly, it focuses attention on the national leaders at the expense of local candidates. National advertising and front page publicity must be concentrated on a product that can be purchased at every corner polling booth across the country. When shenanigans in the constituency were more common the relative merits of the local products were given more consideration by the consumer.

There is obviously no real cure for consumer indifference except a decline in prosperity, but a change in our electoral laws after the pattern of Great Britain's strict limitation on campaign expenditures might place a greater premium on effort and ingenuity at the constituency level. If the candidates could no longer rely on party advertising to do much of their work for them they would be forced to exert them-



MAN'S THREEFOLD WILL TO FREEDOM

By T. V. Smith, Syracuse University. The fifth series of Chancellor Dunning Trust Lectures, Queen's University, Kingston, 1953. "The inner conditions of freedom would appear to be threefold . . . (1) little freedom without prowess . . . (2) a poor freedom without aspiration for excellence . . . (3) a precarious freedom without appreciation of the source of prowess."—From the Author's Foreword. \$2.50

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selves to establish personal contacts with the voters. With a decline in decorum and impersonality, elections would be more fun and might even become a popular form of recreation.

Twenty-five Years Ago

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It is only at rare intervals that we are able to stop and look calmly and objectively at the rush and confusion of everyday life, but at such times we may perhaps realize how the *tempo* of urban life has been quickened by mechanical invention during the last generation. An unobtrusive press report recently stated that 800,000 persons had been killed and injured in motor accidents during one year in the United States. In the year 1926 the fatalities from automobile accidents were only one-third as many per capita in Canada, and this is one field of competitive endeavour in which we are willing that our neighbors shall continue to out-distance us. Not only are the totals large, but in this country they have increased by nearly fifty per cent. in the last year, from 6.5 per 100,000 in 1926, to 9.1 in 1927.

Canadian Calendar

The Department of External Affairs announces the following shifts affecting high-level officials: Hume Wrong, Canada's ambassador to the U.S. since 1946, becomes under-secretary of state for external affairs; Arnold D. P. Heeney, formerly Canada's representative to the North Atlantic Council and at the OEEC (Organization for European Economic Co-operation), becomes ambassador at Washington; and L. Dana Wilgress, formerly under-secretary of state, becomes Canada's representative on the NATO council and at OEEC.

* * * *

Dr. T. F. McIlwraith, of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, has been appointed chairman of the advisory board to protect archaeological and historical sites in Ontario. The Board has already designated 14 sites on which exploration may be permitted.

* * * *

The Ontario government announces that final approval has been given to plans for the Cancer Institute building which, when completed, will be the most modern research and treatment centre for cancer on the continent. It will be located in Toronto on Sherbourne Street. Its cost will be about \$4,200,000, and equipment worth about \$1,500,000 will be installed eventually, including two cobalt bombs.

* * * *

Reginald Hugo, of Winnipeg, was re-elected president of the Federation of Canadian Music Festivals at the final federation convention session at Peterborough, Ont., on July 1.

* * * *

Honorary degrees were conferred on the following Canadians by Oxford University on July 1: Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute and Dr. Marius Barbeau, of Ottawa, ethnologist and anthropologist.

* * * *

Miss Marlene Stewart, of Fonthill, Ont., won the British women's amateur golf title in June—the first Canadian to take the tournament in its 60-years history.

* * * *

The thirty-second annual meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association was held in Toronto in June. About fifty writers took part in the platform programs.

Mr. Martin Baldwin, director of the Art Gallery of Toronto, has been elected president of the Association of Art Museum Directors of America—the first time a Canadian has held this office since the association's inception in 1916.

* * * *

It is announced from Ottawa that J. W. Pickersgill, clerk of the Privy Council, has been named secretary of state. He succeeds F. Gordon Bradley, who was named to the Senate.

* * * *

The English magazine *Truth* published in June an article (unsigned) stating that Canadians are the dullest people in the British Commonwealth and have made the smallest contribution to culture and science—and even to sports and politics.

* * * *

The Agricultural Institute of Canada, at its annual convention in Saskatoon in June, awarded fellowships to ten scientists for outstanding services to agriculture. The recipients were: A. M. Shaw, J. C. Wilcox, H. E. Wood, A. F. Barss, J. Coke, J. R. Fryer, W. F. Hanna, J. K. King, G. P. McRostie, J. G. Robertson.

* * * *

Twenty-three grants totalling \$8,500 for research in the social sciences by Canadian university professors and students have been announced by the Canadian Social Science Research Council. The 20-member council, whose money comes chiefly from the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations, encourages studies in the social sciences much as the National Research Council supports research in the pure sciences. The recipients of the grants are representatives of nearly all the Canadian universities and colleges.

* * * *

Dr. Jean Bruchesi, under-secretary and deputy registrar for the Province of Quebec, was elected president of the Royal Society of Canada for the years 1953-54 at the recent annual meeting of the Society in London, Ont.

* * * *

Dr. Frank Stiling, chairman of the Governor-General's Awards Board, announced winners of the President's medals, University of Western Ontario for 1952, as follows: Short Story, "The Princess and the Wild Ones," by W. O. Mitchell; General Article, "I'm Looking for the Man We Celebrate," by Robert Thomas Allen; Scholarly Articles, "The Formative Years of the Canadian House of Commons," by Norman Ward; Poetry, no award.

* * * *

Final results in the recent British Columbia election are as follows: Social Credit 28, CCF 14, Liberals 4, Conservatives 1, Labor 1.

* * * *

Dr. John T. Henderson, radar expert with the National Research Council, has been named treasurer of the Royal Society of Canada.

* * * *

The Mackenzie King travelling scholarship winners were announced in July by Dean Gage of the University of British Columbia. The awards are presented annually to not more than eight students who wish to study international or industrial relations in England or the United States. They are valued at not less than \$1,500. The winners this year are: Jacques-Yvonne Morin, William Donald Wood, Alexander Lovell Murray, Thomas George Pearce, Marcel Landry.

The Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont., began on July 13, under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie and will continue till August 15. Two plays—*Richard III* and *All's Well That Ends Well*—are presented on alternate days. The cast is headed by Alec Guinness and Irene Worth, supported by a group of Canadian players. Seats are on three sides of an Elizabethan-type stage designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

THE BERLIN STORY

(Continued from Front Page)

howled down with demands for Premier Grotewohl or cries of resign. This kept up all during the day and gradually the crowds before the government buildings or in other main squares of Berlin grew. There were large groups of workers standing around everywhere, talking or arguing. The police simply stood by and did nothing. It seems clear that no one in authority in East Berlin knew what to do. The new line was liberalization, treat the workers well, reduce the sanctions. While no one knows, the wires to Moscow must have been humming all this time.

Gradually the news began to spread, both by word of mouth and through RIAS, the American radio largely run by Germans which broadcasts to the Soviet zone. RIAS broke up most of its regular programs to report the demonstration. Everywhere in East Germany men heard that the workers of Berlin were striking and demonstrating and that the police did nothing to stop them. They heard of the routing of a cabinet minister. They heard the various slogans, political and economic, that were being raised in Berlin. That night the streets were still full and RIAS kept broadcasting. RIAS did not call for any action, for its staff was unable to get any political directives of any kind from the American authorities in Berlin or in Bonn. After all, what does the American worker want the workers of the East Zone to do?

The next morning, June 17, workers came to work, discussed what had happened, and in city after city went on strike. In almost every city of any consequence in the East Zone and in many smaller towns a spontaneous general strike developed. Rather than work, the workers went to the centre of town to find out what was happening and what others thought. In cities and towns near Berlin, the workers often simply went to Berlin. One worker from the east with whom I talked said that he had arrived at work and, after the men talked for a while, someone said, "Let's go to Berlin." They commandeered the company trucks and went to a near-by factory to pick up other workers. Then they started driving to Berlin. After a while they were stopped by Volkspolizei, who would not let them pass. They got out of their trucks and went to the railroad station. There they were told that they could not buy tickets. The trains, however, were still running, so they got on and went without tickets. This was the way it happened.

On June 16 the demonstrators had been cautious, now on June 17 they began to get militant. Communist signs and banners were ripped down. Party functionaries who were seen were stopped and sometimes beaten up. In some cities and towns in the Zone, the crowds made for the jails and attempted to free political prisoners. In others they attacked the SED party headquarters throwing rocks. In many places, in traditional revolutionary fashion, they made for the railroad stations to stop the trains.

Around noon in Berlin and later in other parts of the Zone, the Russians came in with tanks, armoured cars and machine guns. Initially this made little impression on the crowd. Some even threw rocks at the tanks or shouted,

"Ivan, go home." The police and the Russians made efforts to disperse the crowds, but they would not go. Then the shooting started. It was not an attempt to kill many people, but to intimidate the crowds. Occasionally men fell wounded or dead. But the crowds stayed on in most of East Berlin. They did not leave until late at night, after the Russians had declared martial law and a 9 p.m. curfew and Communist snipers began to shoot into the crowds from the roof-tops of all the main squares. I was about 30 yards from a man who was shot by such a sniper. All that night one could hear rifle shots from East Berlin.

In other parts of the zone, the story was somewhat similar, except for the fact that there seems to have been more systematic action on the part of the workers in attempting to destroy symbols of government authority. On June 18 there was little activity of any kind in Berlin, although reports indicate that demonstrations and fighting continued for days in some other cities. Most of the workers in East Berlin went back to work. The Russians have now lifted most of their restrictions, except that the border between East and West Berlin is guarded. One must get a pass to cross, and the subways and buses no longer run between the two parts of the city. The Russians are still visible on the streets of East Berlin.

It is clear that the Communist regime did not know what to do. Grotewohl, the Prime Minister, publicly stated that the government would have been overthrown without Russian aid. The demonstrations were blamed on Fascist and western provocateurs, but the Communists cannot deny that hundreds of thousands of workers took part in them. Today they even accept some of the blame as their own. The government admits all the charges, that there is not enough food, that the industrialization program was wrong, that they have built up an army in the form of a police force. The industrialization program is stopping and the emphasis is to be placed on consumer goods. Seventy-five thousand of the Volkspolizei are being released to return to work in industry. A number of former owners of factories are being given back their plants. Government leaders, including cabinet ministers, have been visiting factories pleading with the workers to give them another chance and in just those words. At one factory, Grotewohl stated that any government in their situation, having made so many mistakes, should resign, but resignation would be the easy way out. They would, therefore, stay and attempt to rectify their errors. Government leaders ask the workers to get up at meetings and tell them what they want. The speed-up has been reduced, and there are promises of even further reductions. The government also admits that it has been operating on the assumption that Germany would not be reunited, and now promises to make renewed efforts to gain agreement with the West.

(This is the first of two articles on Berlin.)

Korean Compromise

William James Hall

► "... YOU KNOW FULL well that we did not come to fight and die in Korea to unite by force, or to liberate by force the North Koreans . . ."

This declaration contained in a letter from the U.S. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, to South Korea's President Syngman Rhee underlines the dramatic reversal on Korean unification that has recently taken place in U.S. foreign policy. This change in policy was foreshadowed at the famous "unofficial briefing" dinner held last April in which Dulles first put forward the policy of settling for a divided

Korea, a United Nations trusteeship for Formosa and the eventual recognition of the Chinese Communist government. The shift from the official American stand that Korea must be unified by force of arms, if necessary, took place sometime between March and April for it was as late as March that Secretary of Defense Wilson was broadly hinting to the press of a UN drive up into North Korea.

The real issue, which until now has been well hidden by both the Communist and American negotiators at Panmunjon, has never been the exchange of prisoners of war. That was simply a convenient delaying point upon which the Communists and the Americans could jockey with their publics until either side was willing to give way on the matter of unification. Until recently our American Allies have kept to the narrow military reasoning which holds that as long as the Communists are to remain in North Korea they would again attack South Korea. This view however, ignores the change in the situation that has occurred since the North Korean invasion. The North Koreans were undoubtedly surprised by UN intervention in Korea. If they had considered the possibility of UN intervention, Mr. Malik would have been seated at the Security Council table ready to block any concerted action in the name of the UN. Nor was it expected that the United States would take any action in Korea, for U.S. diplomacy in one of its now classical blunders, had already intimated to the Communists that the United States was not prepared to defend Korea against attack. This was done first by "leaks" to the press which stated that it was the view of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff that any action in Korea would find the U.S. in an overextended and indefensible position. This was corroborated by the U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson in some ill-advised remarks made on January 12, 1950. Thus reassured that they would face no more oppo-

sition than a diplomatic protest from the West the North Koreans launched their invasion of South Korea. Today such an invasion is unlikely for the Communists now realize that such an attack would not be tolerated by the West.

Within twenty-four hours of the North Korean attack the Security Council called on the North Korean authorities to cease-fire and withdraw their forces to the 38th parallel. If this simple demand had been retained as the UN objective the Korean war would have been over in September 1950. The first successful police action of the UN would have been taken and the prestige of the West as well as the principle of collective security would have been immeasurably strengthened alike in the eyes of Communist and non-Communist. Once the status quo ante bellum had been restored the UN General Assembly could have called the South Koreans and North Koreans to submit their dispute before the International Court of Justice which would have ruled on what reparations, if any, should be made. Instead General MacArthur called upon the beaten North Koreans to surrender and upon meeting their refusal crossed the 38th parallel and invaded North Korea.

MacArthur's attack on North Korea put an entirely new face on the UN's action in Korea and turned a limited police action into what for a time appeared to be a war of annexation. In spite of Chinese rumblings and the misgivings of his allies MacArthur pushed up to the Yalu River bordering Manchuria only to be thrown back by the Chinese forces. Far from being now a simple police action the Korean war had been unnecessarily extended and had assumed the more familiar lines of the East-West struggle for power rather than as a war against aggression. If Canada and other members of the UN had wanted the organization to remain true to its character of international impartiality their delegates would

EXPECTED NEWS ITEM

**THE ARREST OF BERIA AS
A U.S. SPY PROMPTS THE
F.B.I. TO ARREST JOE McCARTHY
AS A LIKELY SPY FOR THE USSR**



have insisted that it was not the purpose of the UN to take part in the struggle between U.S. and Soviet World Power but to disinterestedly halt aggression from whatever quarter it might happen to come. The final rights and wrongs of the situation would be assessed in the International Court of Justice, not in the debates of the General Assembly or the Security Council and certainly not on the battlefield.

It is not difficult to discover where the UN lost control of the situation and where the United States took over. The critical decision was made on July 7, 1950, when the Security Council adopted a resolution which recommended "that all Members providing military forces and other assistance . . . make such forces and other assistance available to a Unified Command under the United States." The resolution went on to request the Government of the United States to designate a Commander for these forces. The effect of this and similar resolutions was to place upon the United States Government the primary responsibility for both military and hence political operations against the aggressors in Korea. In effect the United States was acting as the UN's agent in Korea.

It is clear here that British diplomacy in its anxiety to take a back seat on the Korean conflict committed a grave error of omission. It should not have been difficult for Sir Gladwyn Jebb to have persuaded the U.S. to accept the direction of an *ad hoc* collective measures committee which would have seen to it that the UN's political and military objectives were observed. The UN, not General MacArthur, would then have made all contacts with the North Koreans after the military situation had been restored to the 38th parallel. In addition General MacArthur would have received his orders on how far to advance from a UN collective measures committee composed of the 16 participating nations, not from the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff or the U.S. President. If the participating members in the UN action in Korea had made a more prompt and substantial contribution to the military side of the Korean war they would have found the United States ready enough to accept UN direction of policy in Korea. But it must be frankly admitted at least by the members of the Commonwealth that it was our unwillingness to shoulder a greater share of the burden in Korea that placed so much more of the responsibility for the UN's first collective military action in the hands of the United States.

In September 1950, flushed by the victories after landing at Inchon, the U.S. UN Delegate, Warren Austin, was tempted to declare that "the aggressors' forces should not be permitted to have refuge behind an imaginary line (the 38th parallel), because that would create the threat to the peace of Korea and the world." On September 29, 1950, the first actual resolution on Korea's future was presented to the General Assembly's Political Committee. The United States then pressed for UN approval to cross the 38th parallel and in the Eight Power Proposal approved by the General Assembly's Political Committee on October 4, 1950 seemed to get this approval in a vaguely worded statement which declared that "all appropriate steps be taken to ensure conditions of stability throughout Korea." This granted General MacArthur tacit UN approval for terminating the military campaign in Korea north of the 38th parallel.

Impressed by MacArthur's success the Canadian and other governments opportunistically decided that it was quite all right to unify Korea by force of arms if this was feasible and let future military and political events decide their course of action. The only member of the Commonwealth to raise an objection to this resolution and to understand the implications of crossing the 38th parallel was India's Sir Benegal Rau. These recommendations, he said, might stiffen North Korean resistance and create the impression that the United Nations wished to unify Korea by force of arms. But Rau was

voted down and South Korea's Syngman Rhee now seemed assured of obtaining a "Rhee-unified" Korea. General MacArthur even went so far as to permit Rhee to set up his local police administration in captured North Korean territory without prior UN approval and without UN supervised elections. Even after the UN forces had been driven back by the Chinese, Rhee was still assured of achieving a unified Korea by force of arms. The opening of the long protracted armistice negotiations in July, 1951, at Panmunjon did not worry Rhee for he knew that there was little prospect for a truce as long as the United States held to the view that Korea could be successfully unified by force of arms.

President Eisenhower came to realize, however, what many American journalists and commentators don't even realize today: that Korea could not be unified by force of arms without the almost certain risk of a third world war. He had the choice of pressing for an all-out victory in Korea at the price of a third World War with the probable loss of America's allies. The U.S. does not dare bomb China for the reason that the Soviet Union does not dare bomb London or Paris—because of their military alliances. If NATO is the bulwark of the democratic West then the Sino-Soviet Pact of 1950 is the communist bulwark in the East. In the case of Korean unification by force Eisenhower realistically refused to involve the world in a greater evil in order to undo a lesser.

Syngman Rhee's stubborn opposition to the inevitable is as adept as it is plucky. His release of the anti-communist prisoners could of course only delay but not defeat an armistice. The writer can fully understand his feeling of hurt anger and the sense of betrayal at the breaking of our promises to him. That the promises should never have been made is perfectly clear, but they were made nonetheless and he is reacting much as anyone would if put in his position. It is not surprising that some Americans have a deep sense of guilt when dealing with Rhee and Korea and we must recognize this when we are inclined to be critical of the seemingly too friendly alliance.

Canada's diplomatic role in the Korean situation has also been far from admirable. Although we paid lip-service to the principle of collective security, most of our government officials were quite happy to take a back seat on Korea and await developments. It is true that after a month we sent three ships to Korea, and after a great to-do about a special force which was later quietly abandoned, finally decided to send the Princess Pats over sometime in November after victory seemed already assured. Mr. Pearson continued to play narrowly shrewd Mackenzie King politics with the UN and missed opportunity after opportunity for the exercise of creative statesmanship.

Important lessons in the concept of collective security are now emerging from the Korean War which should be taken to heart by our more far seeing UN policy makers.

Letter from Paris

Laure Rièse

► FRANCE THIS YEAR, despite all reports to the contrary, was relatively quiet politically. According to certain news stories which appeared in some of the foreign papers one would think that we were constantly sitting on a volcano. But do not deceive yourselves. We glided, so to speak, from one "affaire" to another. The first one was the famous trials of Oradour, that were painful for all. It is never wise to revive old troubles, to open wounds that have not completely healed. As it involved both the Catholic Church and the Jews this "affaire" became quite a serious matter. The public followed its details with rapture, since it had practically become a detective story with the kidnapping of the two

children and whisking them across the border into Spain, and with the imprisonment of some members of religious orders. People took sides and public opinion became almost violent, especially under the pen of the very Catholic writer, Francois Mauriac. Then the clamor subsided. Another "affaire" was becoming more prominent in the newspapers.

This was the Rosenberg trial. It occupied the Communists most of the winter. They staged demonstrations in front of the American Embassy, stuck posters all over the city, pleading that the Rosenbergs were innocent. It made men, from the Pope to the most prominent men of letters write in their favor. It made life difficult for the Americans in some quarters of Paris. People argued about the right of capital punishment. On the night of the Rosenberg's execution car-loads of policemen guarded the American Embassy but the demonstrations were not as bad as they had anticipated. The flowers that had been placed under the Rosenberg's portrait in the window of the Communist headquarters soon wilted. The inscriptions on the sidewalks, or on the walls, "Eisenhower Assassin" were washed out by the rain, and soon everything was quiet again.

Home troubles again took precedence. There were some strikes, most of them gracefully announced in advance. One day you could not take the metro, another the bus. You made a detour or came home late. It was very simple. If the telephone, post office, gas and electricity went on strike one took emergency measures. You cooked your dinner more slowly or did not call your friends between certain hours. The most unfortunate "crise" and the longest was in the government. Premiers followed each other, trying to form a government, never obtaining the necessary majority. Every day the question was: would Bidault succeed? No, he lost. Could it be Medes-France, or Andre Marie, or possibly Pinay, the best liked of all? Such a situation is not too intolerable for France. The machinery goes on just the same, though it creates a very bad impression outside. Foreigners who are cautious in such matters began to wonder if it was safe to travel to a country without a government. But all has ended well. The new premier, Monsieur Laniel, has been invested and has formed a cabinet. He is an independent, has never before been premier, has a long political career behind him, headed the Resistance and has all chances of success. France is again a nation who can take her place at the several times postponed Bermuda conference.

But France is also the country where tradition prevails, where the mind and the gift of speech have a place of honor. Thanks to the kindness of the well-known author, Georges Duhamel, I was able to be present at the reception of Marshal Juin, in the French Academy. It was an unforgettable spectacle. Under the Coupola, by the Seine river, opposite the Louvre, the most learned body of men, founded by Richelieu, was assembled. It was very colorful and all the more so because a marshal was being received. It was an honor to the French army and among those present were foreign ambassadors, representatives of foreign armies in uniform, wives of diplomats and academicians wearing the latest Parisian models, the navy, the press and those who had invitations for the galleries, like myself. Everyone had to be seated before three on hard old benches, and even the Duchess of La Rochefoucauld had to be content with a stool. The two statues of Bossuet and Fenelon guarded the entrance and above the door Minerva smiled placidly. At the stroke of three the Republican guards with their golden helmets stood at attention and with the beating of the drums the Marshal walked in wearing the famous "habit vert." He wore all his decorations and carried his bicorne and white gloves, in one hand and his new sword in the other. He was accompanied on each side by his two godfathers for the

occasion: Marshal Weygand, the hero of so many battles, now old and shrunken, and Chaumeix, tall and dignified. Then came what is called the "bureau," three men who hold a special office: Georges Lecomte, perpetual secretary, Maurice Genevoix, director, and Maurice Garcon, chancellor. All the other "immortals" and members of the Institute follow. The whole assembly had risen to pay homage to the great Marshall, an honor seldom granted anyone, I was told.

It was a magnificent opportunity for a psychologist to study the faces of those academicians. Beautiful, sensitive faces, often with beards, moustaches, many not young, however, who seemed very frail. One could recognize many well known persons: Admiral Lacaze in his naval uniform seated beside Andre Maurois, calm and composed. Beside him was Marcel Pagnol, the author of the famous trilogy, "Maurius, Fanny and Cesar." He was one of the youngest and was all smiles, like the unforgettable characters he has created. Madelin, the historian, looked like Anatole France; Pierre Benoit was fat and brown; the Duc de Broglie, famous Nobel prize winner, was there, and many others.

The Academy was not the place for gallantries. Once they were all seated the director asked Marshal Juin to give his "discours de remerciement." The Marshal got up and began without any other preliminaries than "Messieurs." Cameras flashed, radio and television were used and, for an hour or more, the speaker eulogized the brother Tharaud, whom he succeeds. He is no orator but a man used to command. His language was extremely well chosen. He spoke at incredible speed, strongly and clearly. It was a masterpiece of thought and language. He outlined the part taken by Tharaud in the conquest of Morocco with Marshal Lyautey. It was a wonderful slice of history we were allowed to share with him. The



CAFE (PARIS)—ROBERT COWAN

Sultan, tall, handsome, dressed in white, stood up and bowed gracefully, acknowledging the tribute paid him. He was enthusiastically acclaimed and Maurice Genevoix then eulogized the new academician and told us why he had been chosen. With great eloquence he described the blackest hours of France and those that shone gloriously.

With these two speeches before a brilliant assembly the Academy was made richer by the addition of one more Immortal.

A Canadian Social Scandal

J. B. Conacher

► FOR THE PAST DECADE Canadians have been more prosperous than at any time in our history. Total national income continues to increase faster than total population and in most cases wages and salaries have increased even more than the cost of living. The great depression of the 1930's is now only a grim memory, holding little meaning to a generation which has since grown up without any direct knowledge of it.

Because of this unparalleled prosperity the majority of Canadians have little awareness of the bleak and sordid social problems that are a part of our apparently healthy society. The number of sufferers is fewer than in other less prosperous times or than in other less fortunate countries, but the hardships of those who live "under the line" are the greater by contrast. Let us look at the situation in some of the older parts of Toronto in this year of grace 1953.

Thousands of Toronto families are today living in conditions not easily imagined by most of their fellow citizens. Lack of housing for working class families with children drives many of them to take "furnished" rooms often in filthy tenements that are soon turned into human rabbit warrens. Any social worker will describe the familiar picture that presents itself to a visitor seeking out one of these unfortunate families. There is no doorbell that works, but persistent knocking may at last bring a downstairs roomer with pale face and vacant stare to the front door. After some hesitation you are told that the family whom you seek are thought to be at the back of the second floor. You stumble through a dark and dirty hall and up a steep unpainted staircase. There are no windows and no electric light. The unpleasant smell produced by too many human beings living in close quarters pervades the building. On the second floor landing you pass members of various families in various stages of dress and undress passing to and from the one common wash room. At least one infant is inevitably crying in the background. Through half open doors you can see the crowded conditions under which these folk live, although you will notice how much tidier some rooms are than others. But generally bedroom, living room and kitchen seem to be all in one, and always the smell of cooking, and washing, and dirty clothes pervades the atmosphere. The room you finally reach is like the others. The tale of hardship is a familiar one. With three or four children (sometimes with nine or ten) it was impossible to get any other place. In this establishment fewer questions were asked but the rent was as high as more fortunate householders and apartment dwellers were paying in other parts of the city for accommodation infinitely better. These people often pay from \$18 to \$25 a week for one or two miserable rooms of this sort. Often an unemployed father will be called on to pay the whole of his unemployment insurance in rent for such wretched accommodation.

The responsibility for these conditions must lie primarily with the landlord who buys up tumble-down houses cheaply in deteriorating districts, and then chops them up into these fragmentary apartments with the shoddiest furniture. Often a ten-room house may in this way bring in an income of over \$100 a week, well over \$5,000 a year, perhaps the original cost of the house. Taxes would only be a few hundred dollars a year, heating expenses the very minimum, upkeep often nil. The profits on such investments are high, thanks to the price paid in human misery.

There are, of course, innumerable variations to this general picture. The owner may live in the building, he may rent it to a tenant who in turn sublets most of the rooms in this manner, or he may possess many such properties each operated by a caretaker. The condition of the buildings varies, but invariably the rents are out of all proportion to the accommodation offered. Better accommodation is generally closed to large families. Some are only putting up with these conditions for a short time until, by their own initiative or good luck, they get themselves out of it. Others were born and will die in these surroundings. It is easy to accuse them of shiftlessness, of marrying before they could afford to or of begetting families without benefit of marriage (families with common law parents are all too common), but the explanation must largely be that they in turn are the result of the environment in which they were raised. And by closing our eyes to these conditions we are in many cases condemning their innocent children to a similar fate. What can be expected of children living and sleeping day in and day out under these crowded conditions, generally with nowhere to play but the streets? (And what must their feelings be when they go to school and see how much more fortunate are most of their classmates?)

It is easier to describe the situation than to point out the remedy. Human suffering has always been the lot of the children of Adam and we are likely to have it with us always. But this knowledge is no excuse for us, the community as a whole, to ignore our responsibilities in justice and charity. Governmental rules and regulations will never put an end to all injustice, but in past years some reduction in the sum total of human misery has been achieved by state intervention and it is not difficult to think of other things which should be done. Despite relatively recent additions the Canadian record in the field of social legislation is not impressive. The public conscience has never been stirred in this country as it has been in Britain as long as a century ago when Lord Shaftesbury and his fellow factory reformers brought the consequences of the English industrial revolution to the attention of the voters and forced the British Parliament to do something about it.

Two social problems that demand immediate attention in Canada are the housing problem and the problem of unemployment relief in cases not taken care of by unemployment insurance. The division of powers and responsibilities between federal, provincial and municipal authorities complicates both issues but does not excuse the inaction of so many years. Our record of subsidized housing for the poorer elements of the population compares unfavorably with many other countries, especially Britain. The Regent Park project in Toronto points the way to slum clearance but it is only a beginning and even it has been bitterly attacked by certain selfish interests. Projects of that sort will go a long way to solve the major problem of overcrowding and exploitation already considered, because the rents which it is necessary to charge to carry these projects, while not low, are no higher and often less than what the families have to pay for the privilege of living in a slum tenement. The reduced cost of social services, of fire and police expenditures when areas have been so transformed is an acknowledged fact. Toronto voted

to continue the work at its last civic election but the pace should be stepped up, the federal government should increase its assistance, and other municipalities across Canada should follow suit.

In the meantime provincial and municipal authorities should take strong action to deal with the racketeers who are allowed to exploit the lot of the numerous families who have not been fortunate enough to find accommodation in a housing project. There may be a case against rent control in general, but in those depressed areas where exploitation is the rule surely the state must step in and assume responsibility. Rackets in other forms of business are made illegal and the law enforced. Where is the need for action greater than where the welfare of so many human beings, especially children, is concerned? It is essential that the rest of the community take steps to prevent such conditions.

Relief is another matter requiring urgent reconsideration. Municipalities such as Toronto refuse to accept responsibility for families where the father is capable of work but unable to get it. In large cities unemployment insurance is insufficient to cover the barest needs of life for a family where there are no other resources available. Where the breadwinner is for some reason not eligible for insurance the lot of the family may be desperate. Private charity can only tide them over brief crises. Public money should be made available to existing welfare agencies to take care of urgent cases which existing insurance or relief does not meet. Ultimately the federal government should probably be responsible for providing the funds. These are issues that the public should not forget in an election year.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales

Eirwen Jones

► THE BLOOD OF A TRUE Welshman runs fast at the thought of The National Eisteddfod. The Celtic clans meet at an appointed town during the first week of August. In the national festival they compete in music and song, in literature, dance and craft; but the National Eisteddfod is more than a competition. It is a symbol of a unified nation.

It is a gathering of the Welsh from the hills and the valleys, it is a re-union with Welsh kindred from overseas, it is a welcoming to Celts who have come from Eire, Cornwall, the Isle of Man and Brittany. In short it is a crystallization of the Celtic nations.

According to established ritual, the National Eisteddfod is proclaimed a year beforehand by the Gorsedd of the Bards. The Order of the Bards attend in strict hierarchy. They observe the ancient rites of the Druids, the early Celtic priests of Britain.

The Gorsedd Circle is a spectacular sight. Great stones are set up in an open space to form a circle around a central logan stone. The whole has a resemblance to the ancient British temple, Stonehenge. The Gorsedd monoliths are in fact supposed to form the Temple of the Sun. The Archdruid dressed in white with a gold circlet on his head leads the procession. High officials are also robed in white; then come the lesser members robed in green or in blue.

This year the National Eisteddfod is being held at Rhyl on the North coast of Wales. Each year it changes its location moving alternately from North to South. Old traditions are observed rigidly throughout the celebrations; but the organizers wisely observe the necessity of adapting the Eisteddfod to modern needs.

Brass bands to the number of thirty or more compete on the first day. The competition takes place in a huge marquee. Visitors meander into the pleasant parkland where book-sellers and Welsh societies have their stalls and meeting places.

Even when the British weather obtrudes the festival spirit refuses to be dampened. At times torrential rain has fallen during the week of festival, pouring on corrugated roofs, seeping through crevices. Audiences have had recourse to don mackintoshes and grand pianos have had to be wiped dry. Competitions have continued and goodwill contends with the elements.

Some will start to sing and the audience will join in the refrain. Soon the rain is forgotten and the sound of sweet singing fills the air. The rain has been known to retreat, despairing and daunted. The parkland may now resemble a quagmire but it is bridged with planks and the feet of eager competitors go eagerly to the pavilion.

But the sun does shine at this great national festival! It shines both literally and metaphorically. The future of culture seems assured.

Pessimists as to the gloomy future of Wales are re-butted by the children. The youth of this country is in good fettle. It is prepared to struggle valiantly—and with a smile—against contending forces. One day in the festival is reserved as Children's Day. Children's choirs compete; single competitors contest; groups of children dance. Some triumph—and, what is more important—others lose with grace.

The successes in the folk-dancing competitions are usually well-merited. Some of the dancers are very young and it often happens that the party has had a long and hazardous journey before reaching the stage, perhaps just in the nick of time to qualify for the competition. Their clothes are often picturesque. The Welsh national costume, with red petticoat, colorful shawl, frilly white cap and a tall black hat is much in evidence.

The Gorsedd Bards meet in the stone circle. The site of the temple is invariably beautiful, flanked by green fields and sparkling streams and screened by avenues of trees, rich in foliage.

Visitors to the festival from other Celtic communities are formally greeted. From the Isle of Man come the Deemster and his lady. Delegates are welcomed from Eire, from Cornwall, from Brittany. Sometimes colorful saris from the East add color to the scene. Visitors from America and from Canada are acclaimed by name. All are introduced to the Archdruid by the Recorder of the Gorsedd Circle.

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Miss Marion V. Royce, M.A.

On the banner of the Order of the Bards of Britain is inscribed *Vng ngwyneb haul, llygad goleuni*—In the face of the sun, the eye of light.

The trumpeter calls to the four corners of the earth. The Gorsedd prayer is offered by an octogenarian bard. The Archdruid addresses the gathering. Then in full solemnity there is read aloud a list of the bards who have died during the year. Afterwards, the new members of the Gorsedd are initiated.

Tuesday is the day reserved for crowning the bard. The Eisteddfod audience acclaims the victor. The crown is a much coveted prize; it is always awarded for poetry.

The bard is crowned according to the traditional rites of the festival. The Archdruid presides over a vast concourse. The new bard is dressed in a purple velvet robe fitted with a hood of white satin. He is led to the dais by the bards. As a golden crown is placed on his head, the vast gathering sings a traditional moving hymn.

At an early morning Gorsedd service a solemn ceremony is observed by the Order of the Bards. Breton and Cornish delegates come forward to greet the Archdruid of Wales. Breton and Welsh bards place together the two parts of a split sword as a symbol of the unity of their nations.

Choirs compete. The opinions of adjudicators are listened to carefully. Their comments are helpful for future contests. Soloists, musicians, litterateurs also listen intently to the verdicts of their judges. Some go away from the festival triumphant. (To be a "national winner" is a great honor.) Many more return home renewed in their determination to do better next time.

The most coveted honor of the National Eisteddfod is the chair. It is awarded for a long poem written in intricate metre. The chair itself is always a handsome gift. Sometimes it is of native oak beautifully carved; sometimes it is presented by a Welsh community from overseas.

A high standard characterizes the arts and crafts competitions. The exhibits reflect careful work executed in far away and secluded corners of Wild Wales as well as the work of social organizations of the more progressive Welsh towns. Craftsmen at their work add interest to the exhibition. Paintings by noted Welsh artists are shown. Of special interest are portraits of the Royal Family by the celebrated Welsh painter of princes and of presidents, Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams. The loyalty of Wales to the Crown rings true.

On Britain's Walls

Balbus build a wall
and a niche in Britain's latin primers.
Young hermit crabs, unfortunates
with vulnerable sterns, scuttling
along the seamy ocean floors, learn probably
that Balbus found a shell. The British
without their walls are
a mite like that: they show alarm when spoken
and sidle back to corners.
The British tend to grow individual
and rather untidily within their walls;
they do not train themselves up them,
centrifuge and formal
in cordon and espalier . . .
Quatre murs? Vier muren? Somehow, No.
But, Ah, the four walls of home,
draughty as a castle though it be!

J. L. Smallwood



At the present time only 7% of the elected representatives are business men. Handling the affairs of Government is BUSINESS. Therefore, we should get more and more business men in Government.

(Advertisement *The Globe and Mail*)

"Then in 1933 I became general manager of what was then Spencer Corsets (Canada) Ltd. We changed the name to Spencer Supports fifteen years ago." It was a sign of the changing times, apparently; women were looking for support, rather than restriction.

(J. Douglas Ferguson, in *Saturday Night*)

Ministers meeting at the Canadian Regional Conference of Christian Churches in Toronto yesterday agreed unanimously that General MacArthur should be asked to return to Korea, to carry out his original battle plan. The Ministers, who represent churches throughout Canada within the framework of the International Council of Christian Churches, said there was no doubt that MacArthur's plan to drive the aggressors beyond the Korean boundary before attempting negotiations was the obvious way to decide the conflict. The resolution concerning Korea will be forwarded by the ICCC to President Eisenhower and Syngman Rhee.

(Globe and Mail)

She said there was complete unity among all branches of medicine—and they treated the human being in a certain environment; they applied the science of dialectical materialism to their work and Beckie remembers many times that several doctors would hold a conference by her bedside arguing heatedly over their views, but always coming to an eventual agreement.

(Canadian Tribune)

Other extras were accounted for by high-priced personnel employed at the institutions. At Galt, which is a girls' training school, said Mr. Basher, an extra \$16,000 per year was spent in providing an assistant superintendent who is a B.A., a physical training instructor, a full-time psychologist, five social service workers and a part-time psychiatrist.

(Globe and Mail)

A free choice as to how they can use an area, or a facility, cannot be given to the public, Mr. Abbott maintained. "The design should convey what the use should be, but in many instances some of the public must be guided, others led, and many pushed."

(The Vancouver Province)

Hon. Lionel Chevrier, Minister of Transport, was in Montreal to meet his wife and family who returned from Britain on the D'Iberville, Transport Department icebreaker.

(The Evening Citizen, Ottawa)

With no windows on either end wall, complete privacy is assured in this centre hall plan, low-lined bungalow.

(Toronto Telegram)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Henry McGuire, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clippings, date and name of publication.

The Caribou

Lee Brian

► THE TOWNSPEOPLE called it the old dance hall; it was a huge barnlike place across from the corner hotel in town, and years ago it had been a stable. Even now on the warm nights the boys could smell the sweet odor of moist manure beneath the floor. There were about forty of them, these boys, and they came from various parts of the country. During the long summer days of the tourist season they drove the resort buses with their passengers from all over Canada and the States; but in the evenings they would sit on the rickety steps across from the hotel and watch old Rundle, with its fierce jagged east drop and its gentle western slope, and they would discuss the people they had driven during the day.

MacLeod, a Montrealer, was invariably attracted by the license plates of the American cars. There was something

fascinating about American cars—and about Americans. "There's this about them," he would say, "they come up with plenty of jack and they spend it freely." He was always talking about how much higher salaries were down in the States and how Spicer and the others were wasting their talents up here. He had made a name for himself by going through the university in less than three years.

Spicer, who'd come from Quebec, was a six-footer. He could've passed for eighteen, though, and this was his fourth summer in the park. The Greek owner of the restaurant on the avenue next to the theatre called him Achilles because when he sat behind the wheel of his bus he looked as vigorous as one of Homer's heroes.

"You come back summer after summer," the Greek used to say to him. "Why?"

"Good dough," said Spicer, though this was hardly the truth, "and the American girls are good-lookers," which statement, too, was generally a slight exaggeration.

"When I was your age," said the Greek, "I had a family already."

"Before I settle down," said Spicer, "I'm going to shoot myself a caribou. North of Jasper . . . that's where you can find yourself a caribou."

"Last year too you talked about this caribou," said the Greek.

"Maybe I'll be lucky this year," said Spicer, sipping his coffee, "Not many people around here ever got one. They shoot everything else but never a caribou."

"This I don't understand," said the Greek, shaking his head, "to talk only about shooting an animal."

During the days the boys were busy hauling tourists up to the ice fields or to Lake Louise, and while they were driving their passengers past Vermilion Lake or Pilot Mountain or the other fabulous show places of the park, the Americans would talk loudly and enthusiastically about their own country, Yellowstone and Glacier Park, about Carlsbad Cavern and the Smokies; frequently they were too busy taking pictures to get around to see the sights.

The boys congregated in the evenings on the rickety steps of the old dancing parlor and watched the patch of light that always lingered until late on Rundle's sway back. There used to be a fancy stained glass window in the front door of the dance hall, but one of the boys got drunk one night and broke it out. You couldn't blame him in a way—a barn didn't have any business having a stained glass window. It made the whole place seem a little ironic.

"There was a man from Texas on my bus," said Beccleugh, the third of the University of Toronto boys, "and he kept talking about the oil prospects in Alberta."

"They'd better keep their hands off that oil," said Flowers, the geology man. He had done his dissertation on the geological formations of the Park Rockies. It was Flowers who had explained why Rundle presented that precipitous east face when at the same time her western slope seemed so gentle. Flowers saw the world as a series of Triassic and Devonian strata.

Mac interrupted Flowers in his account of how the oil came to be found in Alberta in the first place. "Did you talk to this man from Texas?" he asked Beccleugh.

"I didn't have a chance," said Beccleugh. "He was all jaw."

"I'm looking him up," said Mac. "I can probably find him at the Hotel."

Beccleugh was spending his first summer out here. He was just out of the business school of the University. He was still green around the tourists; for instance, he hadn't developed any technique of exchanging banter with them or of pulling his hand away fast enough when the maiden school teachers squeezed it as they pressed their moist

coins upon him at the end of a day's tour; and he still got a little rattled when he went through his spiel, confusing the names of lesser known mountains and water falls, though, for that matter, no one except himself ever knew the difference, or even cared. But he was likeable, a clean-cut fellow, and you could tell he hadn't been away from home too long.

Another evening as they sat out here he told the fellows about a lady passenger on his bus, from California, who had carried about five thousand dollars worth of camera equipment with her and had been very careless about leaving it around. When the party stopped at Johnston Canyon and the others went on the tour through the canyon with the local guide, she had stayed behind and had treated him to coffee. She was a small woman, middle-aged, with sharp eyes and a droop to her mouth. This was her second visit to the park, she explained to him, rattling off the spots she had seen. Now, she wanted to know, what else was of interest in the region?

"Well, the other places you'll have to see by horse and pack," he said.

"That sounds interesting," she said, looking him in the eye, "when can we start?"

He finished his coffee and searched in his shirt pocket for a cigarette. "Here, try an American one," she offered. He took the cigarette and as she held out her lighter, he couldn't help noticing what a beauty it was. "You like it?" she smiled. "Solid gold," she explained examining it. "Bought it in Cairo from a sheref or whatever you call them."

She had been in Cairo last spring and from there had flown to the Belgian Congo to do a little game hunting. She had also shot grizzly and elk in other parts of Canada.

"There's grizzly up there," he said, pointing to the west, "and also caribou."

"What about this trip to the wilds?" she asked. "I'm serious."

"I'd like to go myself," he said, "but I work seven days a week."

"How much do you get a day?" she asked, blowing the smoke through her nose in his direction. He hesitated and she threw back her head and laughed. "Sure, it's none of my business, but let's assume you make twenty-five dollars a day . . . with tips."

"Twenty-five a day!" he couldn't keep from echoing her words.

She shrugged. "Whatever it is, I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars for three days."

His cheeks were red; he was conscious that her eyes were fixed on him. "I'm not a piker," she continued as he remained silent. "I'll make it two hundred dollars and of course I'll furnish everything."

He remembered now as he talked to the boys about her, her curiously burning face and that sharp, poignant look in her eyes.

"You're a fool," said MacLeod. "Once in a whole summer a deal like this comes along and you muff it."

"I just mentioned caribou," he said, wishing he hadn't brought up the woman now. "I don't know where any is."

"I got a couple books that would show you," said Flowers. "Do you think she might be interested in geological formations too?"

"Yep, she'd be interested," the boys jeered.

Beccleugh thought of what the two hundred dollars would have meant to his pocketbook and every night for about a week when he counted up his day's earnings (and sometimes they didn't come to much over five dollars) he would tell himself he had made a mistake.

One morning about a week later he spotted her again as she climbed on his bus. He nodded distantly to her and



CARIBOO COWBOY (Wood Engraving)—JAMES AGRELL SMITH

watched her through his rear-view mirror when she walked down the aisle to the back and found a seat alone. Well at least she wasn't going to make a nuisance out of herself, he thought with relief, but whenever he looked into the mirror he could see her intense eyes boring into his back and though she didn't say a word the entire trip whenever he started on his spiel he would become conscious of her scrutiny and feel uncomfortable.

When he pulled up at the end of the trip in front of the hotel in town to unload, she lagged behind after the others and waited on the curb until he stepped back on the bus. "Could I talk to you a minute?" she asked in a polite voice.

She had tipped him five dollars and he felt he ought to be courteous. "I've got to take the bus back to the garage," he said.

"Isn't the garage across from the Hotel?" she asked. He nodded. "Then I can ride up with you. I'm staying at that Hotel." She sat behind him and as soon as he started up the Avenue toward the bridge she explained her new offer. The pack and horse deal was out. She wanted to rent a car in Calgary. Would he care to drive her for a few days.

The bus company was very short-handed this summer and needed all its drivers, he explained to her.

"Look," she said, "I need someone too . . . to drive me down to Radium Springs. I don't know you from Adam and the chances are I'll never see you again . . . and you can name your price."

"I couldn't do that, lady," he said. He was a fool, of course, to insist that he couldn't, and she was so annoyed she had cried a little. Then it was that he could see how old she really was. As he turned off the bridge toward the Hotel, he could see Rundle with its rosy patch of light, very stern and formidable, but even so when he looked at the mountain he had a certain feeling of freedom. The air was bluer, different. Yes, he was sorry for her because she was a decent sort, and he disliked hurting her, but this the way it had to be. At the Hotel when she got out of the bus she avoided his eyes. "I'm going to Halifax," she said, "and you probably won't see me again."

He didn't tell the boys that night when they sat out in front of their place, for they would have kidded him for his missed opportunity.

They had another name for the old barn; they called it the ram pasture, and sometimes in the evenings when there was a slight chill and the moon came out, the boys sat on the rickety old porch and watched the girls promenading and wondered how that sobriquet ever came to be applied to the barn.

To while away the time they sang American songs they'd heard in the juke boxes.

"You fellows ought to get on the ball and sing something up-to-date," said MacLeod.

The boys snickered, "Something bothering you, Mac?"

"They stopped singing those songs ten years ago in the States."

The boys ignored him and went on singing in the brisk night air.

"I took some swell snapshots today," said Flowers. "A formation of Pre-cambrian rocks that was over four hundred million years old." And he proceeded to tell them in considerable detail about the geological age of the rocks.

"You fellows make me sick," said Mac after a while, and there was a kind of belligerency in his voice, "you don't have any get-up. Just want to sit around singing old-time songs and jawing about rocks."

He got up and flexed his muscles. "Becleugh, that American guy was around today—the one who talked to you about oil. He rode up to Louise with me and gave me a five dollar

tip. I think he's interested in some kind of business offer."

"Watch out," cautioned Flowers, "he'll fleece you out of your life's savings."

"Just let him make me an offer," said Mac, "I'll snap it up all right."

"You went to a good Canadian school," said Flowers, "the best we got to show, but you've got so little faith in your own brains—"

"The brains of Canada," said MacLeod—he sighed gently—"singing songs in a stable."

"I don't think you should put it that way," said Spicer, offended.

MacLeod sighed again. "Four summers, Achilles . . . you've been coming up here, and for all I know you'll be coming back for another four . . ." He stopped and sighed once more. "That's how guys in Canada use their brains." He twitched impatiently. "No, this little boy's going to look after himself."

"Yes," said Spicer, "I've been coming up here four years." He lighted a fresh cigarette and smoked a minute. "But the way I see it, there's no rush to tie yourself down."

"And you, Flowers," said Mac, "you know Canada's past like you do the inside of a glove—all these rocks and crevasses and geological formations. What's it going to get you? That's what I'd like to know."

The boys were still singing, paying them no attention.

"You might like to know, Mac," said Spicer, "I'm planning on coming back here to ski in January." He pointed to the ski chair on Norquay. "When the tourist trade tapers off in September I'm scooting out to the west coast for a few months, then I'll be back in winter—good skiing till March or April—then you start pointing for the season to open again in June."

He sat beside Becleugh now and they both watched the last patch of light on Rundle. Soon it had gone. The boys grew tired of singing and drifted down into town. MacLeod went inside to dress. Presently he came out in his brown suit, wearing a tie. He hopped down the stairs. "I'm headed for the Hotel," he announced.

"They won't let you in the front door," said Spicer. "They frown on bus drivers coming into the Hotel."

"That's a hell of a note," said Flowers suddenly. "But crummy tourists, half-tight old bums wearing forty dollar sport jackets . . . they welcome them with the royal carpet."

"Don't you worry about me," said MacLeod over his shoulder. "They'll let me in when I tell them I'm going up to see this certain American party."

"Poor sucker," said Spicer as he disappeared up the street. Then he turned to Becleugh. "Going to join up with me in September?"

Becleugh shook his head but remained silent.

"We'll head north for Jasper. I want to get this caribou out of the way first. Then we can take off for Victoria, and in January we ski . . ."

"I don't know," said Becleugh. "I'm twenty-four. That's getting along. I can't bum around like this."

"Wonderful skiing up there."

"The Greek's right. I ought to settle down with some kind of job in Toronto."

Spicer laughed out of the corner of his mouth. "The kind of job that's waiting for you can hold until after you've done some skiing."

"Four hundred or four hundred and fifty," said Becleugh. "That's not too much to ask."

Spicer laughed again, this time more softly. "In all Canada you're not going to find a job that'll pay you that . . . not to start with."

Becleugh was quiet and grew abstracted again. He couldn't tell Spicer that she had come back. That California

woman with her bright eyes that seemed to bore right into him, as if she couldn't get her fill of looking at him. She had waited on the corner until his bus came in and then she had driven up to the garage with him. She had admitted that it hadn't done her any good to go to Halifax. Here she was, back again. "It's up to you," she said and when she talked there was a curious little slack to her words, as if she were already afraid of his reply. Wouldn't he consider her offer—for just a few days.

"No guide is worth that," he said. "I would be taking your money for nothing."

"Oh Bill," she exclaimed. He was surprised because she called him by his first name. "Oh Bill, why won't you see what I'm trying to say to you!"

Well, she was wasting her time. And tomorrow when she came around he might have to insult her. He sucked on his pipe and tried to steel himself in anticipation of what he must say tomorrow.

He watched the avenue now; the stream of tourist cars filled the street, and the throngs of people gave the town a festive appearance. Overhead the lights of the ski lift formed a glowing arch down the mountainside.

He was still out in front of the dance hall with Spicer and Flowers when MacLeod came back from the Hotel. He had walked the two miles because he wanted to think about the offer that Smith, the American from Texas, had made him. Smith wanted to organize a Canadian company and staff it with native Canadians.

"I don't like it," said Flowers dubiously. "It's Canadian oil. Those men in the States don't have any right to drain it away from us."

"I guess you would like to preserve it for about four hundred million years," said Mac.

"It's not right to take it."

"Why not . . . so long as we get our share!"

Flowers grew angry. "In my language talk like that is treason," he said.

"And in my language," said MacLeod, "treason is what a guy fails to do for himself. Now you look at me," he continued and wagged his finger at the others. "In ten years I'll be knocking down ten thousand a year, and in twenty-five years, it'll be one hundred thousand . . . while you guys—"

Spicer interrupted. "That's right. Come back in twenty-five years and you'll find me around. The old man of the mountains, but I'll have me a dozen caribou."

"You can have them. Caribou and rocks and old-timey songs. Good night, men. I'm going to give notice tomorrow to the bus people."

"So soon?"

"Mr. Smith's anxious for me to start." He got to his feet. "I told you he wanted a Canadian staff. He wants University men too." The boys were quiet, waiting for him to continue. "Well, what about it, men? Want to look me up in Calgary?"

"Me," said Flowers, "I wouldn't be a foreign company's lackey."

"And me," said Spicer, "I've got an obligation to nab a caribou."

"I kind of figured you'd take that attitude," said Mac. "Well, Beccleugh, I hope you're sensible."

Beccleugh scratched his head. "I'd like to get a job back east."

MacLeod laughed. "You'll make double out here."

"When do I have to make up my mind?" asked Beccleugh after a pause.

"If you could tell me something tomorrow," said MacLeod. He scrambled up the steps. "See you men in the morning."

He left them in darkness. It was after eleven. The streets were now empty. Occasionally they heard a drunk whooping it up by the bridge. From down the avenue came two high tenors. "They're singing *Dixie*," said Spicer. "It's one of their big songs."

"They're doing it up big all right," said Beccleugh.

"I've got to turn in," said Spicer. "I'm driving to Jasper tomorrow. A party of thirty from the school."

"Wait a minute," said Beccleugh. "What about Mac? Is he making a mistake tying in with a foreign bunch?"

"I don't have anything against foreign companies," said Spicer, tossing his cigarette to the curb, "so long as they don't have to hide their operations behind a Canadian facade."

"Yep, they'll hurt him, I'm afraid. Sooner or later."

"Me," said Spicer, "I never would give them a chance to hurt me. I'm going to stay right here in the park."

"The never-never land," said Beccleugh in a low voice. "Good night, Spicer."

It was cold now. He pulled down his sleeves and stood up, finishing his smoke. There was complete silence over the town now and Rundle was hidden by a passing cloud. In the west the lights of the ski lift were going out. A car backfired from the street behind him. Around him the great mountains and the glaciers enclosed the town and isolated it from the rest of the world.

Tomorrow he was taking a party up to Emerald Lake. Maybe he would have time to figure out his own problems while he spied Canada's fabulous treasures. But now he gave himself up to a final contemplation of the silent Mountain before him, and even as he turned his eyes upward she seemed less formidable, exposed again in moonlight and free of clouds, a trifle unbending, with the line of her precipitous edge blending into her westerly gentle slope, so that she softened her gaze, as if she knew with some kind of majestic clairvoyance what answer he would give tomorrow when the time came for answering—to MacLeod and to Spicer and to that tortured rich American lady . . . and also what answer he would have for himself.

Film Review

Gerald Pratley

► THE ART OF WALT DISNEY is such a delightful and unrestricted one that his continual shortcomings are very distressing. He is a genuine artist, yet the more ambitious he gets and the more perfect his technique becomes, so his imperfections in story telling and characterization increase. *Peter Pan*, his latest animated picture, could not have been a better choice for the animator's imaginative and free world of fantasy. In spite of this, it lacks the charm, the warmth and the whimsy of Barrie which Herbert Brenon, the famous director of silent films, achieved in his 1925 Paramount version using live actors and trick effects. It was so much easier for Disney to draw it, and yet *Peter Pan* looks and sounds like a precocious Hollywood juvenile while the Lost Boys appear to have been inspired by the Bowery Boys. The songs, unlike those of Disney's early full-length films, are tuneless and the typical Disney wit which he has given to Barrie is not particularly charming or original. In fact, it lowers the story into the cartoon world.

The hero of the piece is undoubtedly Captain Hook and the crocodile. They have been realized most successfully with constant and genuine hilarity. I do not mind the appearance

of Tinker Bell as a miniature glamor girl but I was very disappointed in the elimination of Peter's plea to the audience when it seems that her death is certain. This scene is rendered quite meaningless, as are many of the other episodes portrayed. Wendy and her brothers are truer to the originals, but in characterization throughout there appears to be a tendency to play down Barrie's English style and try to compromise with an American one for American audiences. The result of course, is a most unsatisfying hybrid.

One does not criticize Disney without regret. His contributions to the screen are vital and individual and because of this we expect near-perfection from him. His great popularity may be the cause of his failings. With the huge staff he must now employ to create what should be masterpieces, his own personal touch seems all but smothered in the ideas and artistry of others.

It Came From Outer Space is the first three-dimensional film to be shown in Canada on a wide screen. The aspect ratio of standard screens has always been one foot in width to three-quarters of a foot in height. The new concave wide screen installed at the Uptown Theatre, Toronto, is 45 feet by 26 feet high. For 3-D the wide screen is excellent as it eliminates the "looking into a tunnel" effect which comes from showing 3-D on standard screens. There is a splendid spaciousness about outdoor scenes and large-scale events, but when interiors of ordinary homes and offices are shown they take on the size of Union Station, which is disconcerting and unrealistic. The stereophonic sound, so loudly trumpeted, is hardly noticeable in this instance. An odd voice or sound pops out from the corner of the screen now and again, which makes it sound like an off-screen intrusion. This is by no means the proper application of the technique although it undoubtedly gives a full, broad sound across the tremendous width of the screen, which the ordinary central speaker would not be able to do. The "throw away" type of Polaroid glasses are very uncomfortable and make vision adjustment difficult. The loss of light through the polaroid filters adds to the eye strain and darkens the screen considerably. Editing technique does not appear to have been affected by the added dimension as several quick scene transitions were not difficult for the eyes to follow. There was, however, lack of definition when the camera moved quickly and in scenes where several characters moved on different planes.

The picture itself is no more distinguished than its companion pieces of science-fiction. Director Jack Arnold thankfully refrains from 3-D tricks however, and in character portrayal the film is of interest. Many routine screen stories dealing with conflict between man and the unknown are noted for their glorification of the mass of the people, no matter how dull and short-sighted they may be, and the depreciation of the forward-looking individual as a radical whose inability to become one of the herd is something to be pitied. In this picture, Richard Carlson, as a sensitive astronomer who attempts to understand the people from space, is treated in a sympathetic light. He protects them from the ignorant town people and helps them to escape from the earth on which they landed by mistake. His reasons for doing this are explained in an excellent scene between him and the unthinking sheriff, in which Carlson tells him that like so many people he destroys those things in life which he cannot understand.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM
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In pictures produced for a mass market made up of people who think very much like the sheriff, it is encouraging to find such observation. Whether it has any effect on the audience or not is another matter. We can only hope that it does.

On the Air

Sylvia Lambert

► FINDING PROGRAMS of a sufficient calibre to fill the gap on Saturday afternoons left by the Metropolitan Opera can have been no mean task for the CBC. To have produced *The Story of Music* for the first of the three hours was to come up with trumps indeed.

Mr. Helmut Blume is a member of the music faculty of McGill University. Consequently, we have an expert on the subject writing his own script, reading it, and selecting his material—an obvious procedure for such a program you might think, but one surprisingly seldom used. In no way pedantic, he nevertheless gets across a great deal of information concerning the particular period in musical history with which he is dealing, with much anecdotal material about the composers and artists, and he uses a pleasantly wide variety of recorded material.

Mr. Blume appears to accept his audience as being both interested and intelligent, but he does not neglect to define musical terms as he goes along; he does not apologize for playing a little-known work or an obscure composer; he does not make fun of a long and difficult name, nor try to please the supposedly "average" person by playing the most hackneyed or popular works. In short, he conducts his program in the sensible, informative delightful way which it would seem the natural thing for him to do and for us to expect, but which is so very rare on our networks, so contrary to the methods of music commentators, that *The Story of Music* stands out the more as remarkable and unique.

I should like to put in a plea that the guest on CBC's Monday evening *Now I Ask You* always be a female. This is not a feminist agitation, but a purely practical suggestion based on the observation that the program decidedly lacks something with an all-male panel. Certainly it hit an all-time low when Dr. Leslie Bell was guest. The members were completely cheerless and obviously wanted nothing better than to pack their bags and depart, in which course I am sure the listeners would have wished them God-speed. On the other hand, with a woman guest the three members perk up remarkably, with much wit and repartee and considerable showing-off, all of which makes the program more lively and enjoyable.

The Big Train, a three-quarter hour feature which came from Montreal a couple of weeks ago, is the kind of thing I hope we have more of more often. In the first place, because it was about something with which we all have a fleeting acquaintance but little knowledge, and secondly because it was about a Canadian something. The Big Train was the trans-Canada "Royal Hudson," and we were taken to Windsor Station in Montreal to assist in the pre-departure check-up and to meet a few of the several hundred people who are in some way responsible for the Big Train's safe arrival in Vancouver.

Unfortunately the commentary often sounded suspiciously like an advertising folder, and it came to a peculiarly abrupt ending after an overly-drawn-out beginning, but the method of execution, and certainly the idea, were fine. The sound effects too, the noises in the station, the train's whistle at the crossroads from inside the train, were excellent.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► THE RICH AND COMPLEX art of Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725), as it appears in his opera buffa *Il Trionfo dell' Onore*, may come as something of a surprise to anyone whose experience of opera buffa before Mozart is confined (like mine) to Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona*. Musicologists like Paul Láng or Henri Prunières like to praise the elder Scarlatti's "mastery of workmanship and abundance of original musical ideas" or his dramatic power and harmonic daring, but since, with few exceptions, his works remain not merely unperformed and unrecorded but unpublished as well, the common listener has little opportunity to test such praise. This makes the recording of *Il Trionfo* (on two LPs) a particularly welcome member of Cetra-Soria's large selection of recorded operas. The opera lacks the wealth of concerted numbers and the complex interweaving of music and drama that we get in Mozart, but there are few individual numbers in *Il Trionfo* whose musical quality wouldn't do credit to *Figaro* or *Don Giovanni*. The cast and the orchestra of Radio Italiana under Carlo Maria Giulini hardly do it justice: the quality of the voices ranges from the agreeable, well controlled voices of Amalia Pini (as Leonora) and Mario Borriello (Erminio), through the rich but uncertain tenor of Amedeo Berdini (Riccardo), down to the shrill and unpleasant soprano of Rossana Zerbini (Doralice) and the threadbare, wavering tenor of Sante Messina, who plays the old lecher Flaminio with considerably more vocal appropriateness than is needed. But, uneven as their talents may be, the singers perform with a good deal of verve and are well coordinated in the concerted numbers. The recorded sound, particularly that of the orchestra, is somewhat coarse-grained, but whatever the shortcomings of these records, you can't miss the quality of the music.

Victor's Treasury of Immortal Performances includes a reissue of two old performances by Fritz Kreisler, one of Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto*, with the London Symphony under Sir Landon Ronald, and the other of Mozart's *Violin Concerto in D, K.218*, with the same orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. Kreisler plays in his usual sprightly and affectionate style, which, although it lacks the hair trigger precision of some more recent performers, remains extremely durable. His reading of the last movement of the Mozart, for example, achieves a relaxed lightness which obtrusive virtuosity or too sharp phrasing would spoil. Another reissue in the series has Piatigorsky and Rubinstein playing Brahms' *Cello Sonata No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 38* on one side and Piatigorsky and Barbirolli playing the Schumann *Cello Concerto* on the other. The recording of the Brahms work has dated a bit, but on the whole these performances should have no trouble holding their own against later wider range recordings.

Victor's recently started, low-priced Bluebird Classics should be popular. I tried the Franck *D Minor Symphony* as performed by Leinsdorf and the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra of Philadelphia and found it a powerful performance, superbly recorded, and much the same could be said for Malko's performance with the philharmonia orchestra (in the same series) of Borodin's *Symphony No. 2* and the "Variations on a Theme" from Tchaikovsky's *Suite No. 3*.

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The Stratford Festival

James Reaney

► MOST PEOPLE overheard talking about it on trains and in other towns and cities seem to be surprised that Stratford, Ontario, is having a Shakespeare Festival. It is a small town, this is a noble effort and for its inaugural season the Festival has obtained the services of such celebrities as Alec Guinness and Tyrone Guthrie whose work will be seen in *Richard III* and *All's Well that Ends Well*. Stratford is also surprised and no one seems to know whether it is an achievement or a stroke of tremendous good fortune. Native businessmen have given money very generously without hope of profit, the whole affair has attained a wake of publicity and a magnetic attraction for donations rather unusual in Canada; a specially designed theatre with a tent "nearly as large as Ringling Brothers' Big Top" has appeared beside the local river, and the correspondence columns of the Stratford Beacon Herald were never so full of pooh-pooh and hurrah-hurrah letters.

Part of the Festival, since it involves a journey and perhaps a stay, is the town of Stratford itself. If it did not bear that name one doubts very much if this summer's events would have occurred there. The whole idea of the birthplace cult so far as an artist is concerned seems rather weird although to do it justice the cult does not seem to spring up unless the artist has really been affected by the place; the cult of the New World equivalent of the Old World birthplace is obviously even weirder. Frequently it is a way of avoiding the artist's work and in Shakespeare's case the Stratford pilgrimage becomes a sort of ritual designed to make the plays more bearable. Why seeing the plays at the author's birthplace should be so extra rewarding probably has a religious-sentimental answer. Since shrines do get a bit grimy with touching and profit-taking, one would like to think that according to some metaphysical law, graves and the spirits of places moved slowly eastward so that sixteenth century Stratford is somewhere under Persia now. Stratford, Ontario, however, has nothing anyone can begrime on the pilgrimage, not even one of Shakespeare's bones, nothing except the magic name.

At least, a century ago this is all Stratford, Ontario, had. Then as schools and streets were given Shakespearean names the present situation began to take shape. A street named Romeo is a harmless fantasy; it is a short cut to some sort of tradition and one supposes that this sort of thing may possibly have gained Shakespeare more readers. The tourists were awe-stricken by the street names and the town planted a Shakespearean garden which at one time was supposed to hold not only all the flowers mentioned in the plays but iron labels bearing quotations and standing behind the appropriate flowers. There are no mandrakes, but this is a pretty place and the bird tower that dominates it is really a skillfully converted old factory chimney; a triumph of local imagination. One asks, why not a Shakespeare zoo? The list of animals could be drawn up with the help of Miss Spurgeon and fawning spaniels, Hyrcan tigers and brave fleas soon collected. After whetting their appetites on street names and flowers all these years the citizens have at last got themselves into the delightful position where they cannot get out of seeing the plays professionally produced.

The irony of Old World names in the New World is pathetic; one thinks of small places called Sparta, Vienna, Milan or Florence. In Stratford's case the name may sometimes have appeared to some natives as being rather embar-

rassing; one native, however, a very clever publicist, Mr. Tom Patterson, took the idea of the name quite literally: a town named Stratford should put on Shakespearean plays. The whole affair then is really the result of a name and whereas Milan, Dublin and Paris, Ontario, have let their names be, Stratford, Ontario, seems never to have been able to leave its name alone.

One wishes there were something a bit more heroic behind the Festival than this: a sturdy native stage tradition or great bands of cultured citizens reading Shakespeare to each other for years back, but such is not the case. Besides bearing up under the name and providing a very pretty setting, the town has not really deserved its good luck; buying it with money is not deserving it. Stratford is part of that doctor-dominated civilization of lawns under which Western Ontario has long lain asleep. When the doctors are Sir Thomas Brownes and Faustuses, this sort of civilization is all right, but everyone knows they are not. The one tradition in Stratford from which this Festival could possibly be said to hang is a well-attended Music Festival which, besides pleasing or vexing a great many parents, does give a large amount of Beethoven and Bach to a local audience. And Shakespeare has been produced here before: one remembers some fascinating productions put on by the Normal

School with costumes come from Mallabar's and Mark Antony wearing a wrist watch one could not stop looking at.

Meanwhile, children who live near the place where the plays were rehearsed rush at each other with sticks in imitation of the sword-play they have seen; people have read each play twice and have studied them together. Possibly in the nineteenth century when the Stratford paper could quote Donne on St. Valentine's Day and everybody sent in poetry, this would neither seem quite so wonderful nor so unexpected. (Next month Mr. Reaney will review the productions of the Stratford Festival.)

Correspondence

The Editor: I have read the leading editorial "Regina vs. the World" in your June issue with interest. I am somewhat disturbed to find in it apparently a wholesale acceptance of a point of view which is being actively and persistently expressed by certain elements in the United States and in other countries about the decline and disintegration of Britain, the Empire and the Commonwealth. I would be the first to admit that, relatively because of the growth of the United States and the U.S.S.R., Britain does not hold the dominant posi-



ZINNIAS (Wood Engraving)—H. E. BERGMAN

The Brown Family

All round the Browns stretched forty acres of potatoes.
They lived like squatters in my father's little chicken-house
That grew to lean-tos and then to a whole shack-town where
 married Browns
Slept God-knows-how hilled in the darkness all night long,
Mornings how rolled out to breakfast on the lawn
Sitting in crumbs and clover, their eyes still glazed over
With dufferish sleep, and all stuffing away like Eskimos.

Brown boys had greasy jeans and oilcloth school-bags made
 at home
And sneakers for quick escapes through orchard gates,
Tom had two left thumbs while Ted was tough and dumb,
 but there was much
Of army sadness to the way all their heads got furry as
 muskats by March.
Well after meagre spells Fall was their full season when
 they dropped
Partridge, pheasant and squirrel—shooting as if they would
 never stop
As later they crazily shot up even the apple-trees at Caen.

Their sisters inevitably called Nellie or Lily were deliberately
 pale,
Silly incestuous little flirts whose frilly skirts were dirty
From every ditch in the county. On lonely country roads
 under the moon
Their sadness lit like incense their sweet ten-cent perfume.
But at hint of insult their cheeks took on fiery tints those
 summers
When they hired-out to cook. And their eyes often had
 that strange blue look
Of the blue willow plates round a rich farmer's plate-rail.

"What I can touch and take up in these two hands," said
 Mrs. Brown,
"Is what I trust!" Accordingly on the bashed piano and on
 the floor, dust
And rich potato-colored light everywhere mingled: scraps,
 fronds, gourds,
Teazle, fossils, hazel wands, turkey feathers and furs . . .
 goods
All lovingly hers tangled. And all could be taken up,
 stroked, cajoled
In the same manner as her Old Man: for Mr. Brown's heart
 was pure glossy gold
By tender handling, of all that's drossy, slowly, suvendibly,
 rendered down.

But as alike as Anna Pauker's brood so that it tears the
 heart to see
Was that last lot and will all Browns ever be,
Picking and pecking at life, scratching where something is
 cached.
What are they looking for? Not lots to eat or wear. Not lots
 in town.
Strangely, that same thing we want would satisfy a Brown—
Something of the sort God gives us every day
Something we can take up in our two hands and bear away.

Colleen Thibaudeau

The Flying of Gulls

I have wondered, sometimes,
Why seagulls make men lonely.
O wild, wild gulls,
I hear you crying, diving, crying,
Far up the long West River;
And your endless, restless soaring,
Seeking, crying, crying, crying
Is the whispered never-evermore of one dark room,
Where clocks tick, and sunbeam notes
Are the gulls of one still soul.
I do not understand the loneliness of seagulls;
But I know a man of the red Island soil
Who often turned to watch the gulls over Savage Harbour,
And who saw one day his spirit fly into the sun.

John A. MacEwan

Clothes

Our fathers, when they wished to show
How innocence would one time go,
Described their fathers running nude
According to their habitude.

King Lear, in frenzied sanity,
Distrusted clothed urbanity;
To reach the stark and naked truth
He stripped himself quite bare, forsooth.

But we, who do not like the cold,
Are wiser than the men of old;
We dress according to the fashion—
The naked truth is not our passion.

M. F. Martin

Exorcism

The beat and the still
And the beat, caught, lift,
Of the rook
 and the gull
Over sea, roof, hill:
Disturb this place from sleep.

With the snow of the moon
Make a flaming lane
For the wind
And the owl
Through the hungry moor:
Disturb this place from sleep.

With the blood of the heart
Heat a landscape up
Tip the sea
And the land
Through the suburb town, and
Disturb this place from sleep.

Norman Levine.

tion in the world that she did in the 19th century. I believe, however, it is a fact that in terms of her population, her exports and imports, her manufacturing capacities, the strength of her Armed Forces and in a variety of other ways, she has never been stronger.

If the ties of Empire and Commonwealth are loosening, this is because of a philosophy and a policy based on freedom and autonomy which Britain for several generations has consistently stood for and promoted and which I always understood that *The Forum* pretty much approved of in principle at least. It is for this reason that I dislike seeing you become a vehicle for either stupid or vicious propaganda.

N. A. M. MacKenzie, Vancouver, B.C.

Books Reviewed

HAROLD LASKI: Kingsley Martin; Macmillan; pp. 278; \$4.75.

Kingsley Martin's biography of his friend Harold Laski is not quite successful. Mr. Martin writes as a man who is slightly uneasy, being aware that any book about Laski is sure to be widely read by Americans and that there has of recent years been a distinctly critical attitude toward Laski in the United States. Just before this Martin book came out the American reviewers were having a field-day on the self-revelation of some of Laski's weaker qualities as provided in the Laski-Holmes correspondence. (See Edmund Wilson in the *New Yorker*). But while he knows that he has to be on the defensive, the editor of the *New Statesman* so completely shares the Laski point of view that he isn't sufficiently aware of what the strongest points of Laski's critics are.

He tells us that the research for the chapters on Laski in America was done for him by his *New Statesman* colleague and fellow left-winger, Mr. Norman MacKenzie. The famous incident of Laski and the Boston police strike is gone into very effectively by Mr. MacKenzie; he makes the Boston brahmins and the Harvard undergraduates look properly odious. But on Laski's later excursions to the United States Messrs. Martin and MacKenzie have to admit that the visiting professor really didn't come into contact with the American people at all. He went around delivering lectures to passive audiences and talking to small groups of university intellectuals who reverently echoed his sentiments. And so when, in 1948, he produced his American *magnum opus*, *The American Democracy*, he had amassed a mountain of information about American life but he hadn't acquired an understanding of it at all. The book reads like a bad-tempered lecture by a sour doctrinaire Marxian old maid who is intent on telling the American family how to bring up their children. As one American critic remarked at the time, it is not a new Tocqueville, still less a new Bryce, it is just an old Laski.

This American book illustrates most completely what was wrong with the later Laski. He had been so completely seduced or dazzled by the Marxian interpretation of modern capitalism that he failed, after the great depression hit the western world, ever to re-examine his major premises. He simply kept on applying the Marxian formula with dreary mechanical regularity to British and American politics without ever pulling himself up to ask whether the formula fitted all the facts that a frank investigation would reveal. The facts cited in his *American Democracy* are mostly gathered from the depth of the depression and many of them were out of date by the time the book was published. His understanding of his own country, Britain, was almost equally at fault. In view of what has happened in British politics since 1940, one can only charitably characterize as quaint his con-

stant reiteration that British capitalism in an era of a shrinking economy would make no more concessions to democracy such as it had made in the expanding Victoria era, and that therefore the armies of socialism and capitalism confronted each other on a field on which no compromise was possible. It is the duty of the intellectual not to be dazzled by formulae but continuously to be asking new questions about them. Laski in the 1930's and 1940's was guilty of *la trahison des clercs*.

Mr. Martin would, of course, not agree with this criticism. He spends most of his time telling about Laski's day-to-day activities in British and American affairs. He hardly more than mentions most of the Laski books. But Laski was primarily an intellectual and must be judged primarily by what he wrote. And it is surely up to a biographer to explain a little more adequately his strange intellectual pilgrimage from a liberal pluralism in the early 1920's to a mechanical Marxism in the late 1930's. The two positions cannot be rationally reconciled. Mr. MacKenzie's American research apparently did not include two articles by American professors in recent learned journals. One is in the *Journal of Politics* for February, 1948, by Max M. Kampelman—*Harold Laski: a Current Analysis*. The other is in the *Political Science Quarterly* for September, 1950, by Carroll Hawkins—*Harold Laski: a Preliminary Analysis*. These two articles, and especially the second one, leave Laski, as a professed liberal intellectual, without a leg to stand on.

Frank H. Underhill.

MEMOIRS: Franz von Papen; Ambassador Books Ltd.; \$5.00.

THE ROMMEL PAPERS (edited by Liddell Hart): Collins; \$5.00.

It would be a foolhardy historian indeed who would accept Herr von Papen's account of his public life at face value. These memoirs interpret every historical fact in such a way that von Papen seems consistently to have been at best a champion of democracy and at worst the unwilling slave of fools and villains. Amid the slaughter and deadly intrigue of the Nazi era, von Papen walks the tempestuous waves unscathed, and, as the story unfolds the motivations and interpretations of the already documented facts of his life take on a more and more miraculous air. His defence of his conduct at the Nuremberg trials probably provided the general *motif* of desperate self-justification which pervades the *Memoirs*, but the imposition of pristine ethics upon the known events makes for a good deal of unacceptable coincidence. There are many ghosts of the political racket who are in this book by no means well and truly laid.

A reviewer need say little about the *Rommel Papers*. The work will appeal strongly to one group of readers, and those who followed with interest and fascination the tremendous struggle in North Africa. Like von Papen's *Memoirs* it reveals a great measure of personality, and, more happily, what is probably a much greater measure of truth concerning the intentions behind the writer's conduct. Politicians seem to feel they must prove that their whole life was dedicated to man's salvation, but since war is a field-day for foxes the foxy soldier need not protest that he is a lamb. I recommend Rommel's book heartily to those interested in viewing the African campaign from the enemy commander's point of view. There is not only a lucid account of all the operations but also Rommel's impressive considerations, in essay form, of the lessons learned concerning strategy. These are little gems of modern military theory, especially on such problems as supply, flexibility of movement, and the subtler technique of determining one's own course of action with reference to the known characteristics of enemy commanders. Above all,

Rommel managed not to purge his account of any of the original excitement and agonized suspense which make of military operations something more than a game of chess. One can really live the campaign in the very mind of this bold and most imaginative commander. G. W.

PEOPLE, PLACES AND BOOKS: Gilbert Highet; Oxford; pp. 277; \$4.00.

The short essays that make up this volume were originally talks given over the air, and an austere critic inclined to sacrifice truth to puns might say they bore the trace of their origin in an occasional "airiness" of manner. But he would be missing the point. Mr. Highet is a professor of the classics, and he has handed in his credentials as a serious and exact scholar in his admirable and solid book, *The Classical Tradition: Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature*, published only four years ago. Now the late Irving Babbitt used to explain the decline in classical studies by saying, "Professors of the classics have a genius for suicide," meaning that they were killing all interest in the humanities by their pedantic and inhumane presentation of them. Professor Highet has no intention of following such suicidal methods. He is a man, not only of learning, but of sensibility, taste and wit, and, when he is invited to talk to the public, he lays aside his gown and converses in a light and urbane tone of voice. What Tennyson said of his friend Hallam may be said of him: "He wears his weight of learning lightly like a flower."

He is as free from the specialist's narrowness as he is from the scholar's pedantry. The range of interests displayed in this book is extraordinary. Indeed, in the Middle Ages Mr. Highet might have been considered guilty of the sin of intellectual concupiscence. His powers of assimilation can be equalled in our time only by those of M. André Maurois and if Mr. Highet has not yet written as many books as his French compeer (who has?) he may have read nearly as many. "Here," in Dryden's phrase, "is God's plenty:" Henry Fowler; Modern English Usage; The Criticism of Edmund Wilson; Enigma with Variations; Donald Tovey; The Autobiography of Shakespeare; The West: Oxford and its Press; Sailing to Byzantium; Science for the Unscientific; The Museum without Walls; Books and Cooks; The Case of the Disappearing Detectives—to quote a few of the titles, showing the coverage of the cultural field (in the broadest sense of that term) from the culinary art through travel to literature, music, painting, architecture and science. It will be noted that Mr. Highet does not look down his professional nose even at detective and science fiction. But he is not like Babbitt's "tired philologist" who reads detective stories for relaxation only. Mr. Highet reads them to criticize as well as to enjoy. That is the lesson of this book, to keep your critical faculty as alive as your capacity for spontaneous aesthetic enjoyment. Its author has taken to heart Sainte-Beuve's definition of the true critic as one who criticizes a book as he reads it without ceasing on that account to enjoy it.

I only wish Mr. Highet would give a series of talks or write a book on how to read so much and like it.

A. F. B. Clark

THE ORIGINS OF ART: Gene Weltfish. McClelland & Stewart; pp. 300; 99 plates; \$5.00.

Miss Weltfish, former member of Columbia University's Department of Anthropology, has produced an attractively written account for the layman of some of the standard views on Art held by anthropologists for the past decade. It is nicely bound and profusely illustrated with black-and-white designs taken largely from three areas—California, the Amazon jungle, and the American southwest. Most of

the illustrations are well done but some extremely rough maps and archaeological sketches, perhaps hurriedly executed at the last moment, give a slip-shod air to the whole book.

One ought not to take the author too literally when she states that her material is "original scientific research" which she has decided to "present direct to the general reader instead of following the usual practise of publishing a series of technical articles in obscure scientific journals." For her theoretical framework, Miss Weltfish has drawn heavily upon the ideas of the late Franz Boas, under whose aegis she once studied, and has ignored many recent publications in archaeology and primitive art. She seems completely unaware of the contributions being made in these fields by Leonhard Adam, Wendell Bennett, Susan Langer, Ralph Linton, Paul Wingert and others.

In addition, the author still insists, perhaps because of her own ideological views, that cultures evolve unilaterally in stages which everywhere follow a similar pattern. For example, a detailed description of design development in North Europe from 2000 B.C. to the Christian era is casually transplanted and used as proof of the origins of art in the American Great Plains, with the statement: "A similar process must have gone on in North America with the parfleche design." However, ignoring this, and also sections in which Miss Weltfish tells us what prehistoric man was thinking as he carved his stone sculptures, there are rewards for those interested in technology. The illustrations of basketry and pottery designs and technical processes are well worth perusal.

Margaret C. Pirie

AN INTRODUCTION TO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAMA 1700-1780: Frederick S. Boas; Oxford; pp. 365; \$2.00.

English drama of the eighteenth century was not of remarkably high quality. I remember an older critic saying that drama declined in this period because the spirit of drama is freedom, and the new philosophy of Bacon and Hobbes and Locke depicted a human being no longer free. It took the novel to describe philosophy's new man in his subjection to his society and environment. Mr. Boas has not attempted a great deal in his study of the drama of this period, but he has done enough to increase one's regard for this drama, and indeed he could encourage one to regard drama as a creative form in eighteenth-century England. In his account the three principal dramatic traditions of the period are evident as usual: the classical political drama, the domestic drama, and the folkish ballad-opera.

As he proceeds from dramatist to dramatist with his extensive synopses of plots, Mr. Boas pays some attention to social themes. He is properly interested in the dramatization of political liberty in several classical and historical dramas of high quality. Dennis' classical heroine, Rowe's subtle language of individualism, Thomson's civilized rationalism, and Addison's stoic purity are matters for admiration in a liberal drama which was creating beyond the old royalties of Dryden. (Boas is particularly alert to those purities of feeling and style in Addison's *Cato* which appear to have been suggestive to Gray and Wordsworth.) Through his synopses of the domestic plays, it is particularly his attention to the theme of divorce that I find interesting. Here liberalism had its say, too, the liberal mind of Milton encouraging several eighteenth-century dramatists (Farquhar and Cibber notably) to consider "this adultery of the mind." In Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707), Mr. Boas finds for the first time in English drama the theme of divorce by consent. Perhaps the most interesting theme in Mr. Boas' book comes from his slant that the dominant feature in eighteenth-century English drama was the prominence of

writers of Irish birth—Farquhar, Steele, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and many more. Given his hint, perhaps we can proceed on our own to trace an Irish tradition which was moving in this drama toward passionate freedoms of land and language. In Tony Lumpkin we can find our first playboy of the western world, and in that wild new word-play of Farquhar and Sheridan (the latter's Mrs. Malaprop describes Lydia as being "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile"), we may see the beginnings of a recent Irish style. If drama, as our old critic said, was committed to freedom, eighteenth-century English drama fulfilled in a measure the obligations of this form. We may see here not so much a declining form, as a drama with democratic purposes which did not quite realize itself. I think Goldsmith, with his "low scenes," best reached the spirit of this drama.

Synopses of plots are not easy reading, and of such is Mr. Boas' book largely made. American criticism often seems to attempt too much, while English criticism seems sometimes to attempt too little. Mr. Boas will disappoint great expectations, but he will please moderately, on Rowe and Farquhar, if not on Goldsmith and Sheridan. And he has the odd minor discovery for us, in the delicate Hugh Kelly, for instance. Conditioned as we have been to expect all formal perfection in Oxford books, we must say that Oxford University Press editing no longer appears to be the complete master of small slip and blunder.

Kenneth MacLean

DESIRED HAVEN: E. M. Richardson; Ryerson Press; pp. 286; \$3.50.

Explorers of the past (this is an historical novel about the wild coast of Nova Scotia) often come back with old recipes, tallow candles and a novel like a village museum. While readers suffocate in all the descriptive trash, how grandmother made soap and so on, the shape of grandmother's imagination, the really important thing about the past, is never shown. Although Mrs. Richardson is skillful at succulent descriptions of stormy seas, children, baking, sewing and every sort of boat, she can also show the spiritual world behind all this detail. A Protestant wife discovers that her Catholic husband has, in the Family Bible, secretly written "born out of wedlock" beside the name of their first child; at the end of the novel her temperance principles are so outraged by her husband's suddenly detected rum-smuggling that she has a miscarriage with shock. This kind of plot-design, strong and simple, encloses for the reader a strange world holding ironies unobtainable in his own life, a world that cannot be put in a glass case.

The fact that the author has understood her characters' spiritual life helps charge most of the descriptive passages with life; for example the numerous seascapes are described as being seen by a heroine whose terror and admiration are more important than the tons of water in front of her. Also, the Catholic hero is supported by a range of things that are the very opposite of Puritan bleakness, such as Cuba, tamarinds, Portuguese witches and a tropical hurricane escaped north that ends the novel with a destructive flourish.

Desired Haven is a simple, lively chronicle; with the organization and control at its author's command perhaps this novel could have stood more exuberance. The witch excepted, none of the characters are as much like the shore of Nova Scotia as they very likely could be.

James Reaney

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF THE PROPHETS: Brooke Peters Church; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 246; \$3.25.

Brooke Peters Church has chosen to interpret to laymen the outstanding prophets of the Old Testament—Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Deutero-Isaiah. The author tries to make us see them as actual persons, combining the few facts recorded about them with psychological

deductions from their own writings. She does this with great skill and persuasiveness and though the resultant portraits may be a little shadowy, they are recognisably those of men and not, as hitherto to most of us, disembodied voices.

It is in bringing their mystic utterances down to earth—by showing that under the guise of allegory and symbolism the prophets had as definite aims in mind as Lenin's pamphlets, that the author is at her most illuminating. The prophets were animated by a two-fold motive—to keep the faith of Jehovah pure—because religious corruption could lead to national corruption and perhaps assimilation by the great powers of Assyria and Babylon. The second aim was to keep the Jewish people neutral in the struggle between Egypt and Assyria. (Unfortunately the Jews were as politically inept as modern Poland and suffered much the same fate.)

In this light, and against this background, the words of the prophets take on new meaning and force. Out of their struggle against alien gods, out of the searching of their own souls, they developed—haltingly, often in contradictory phrases—their conception of a universal God, demanding not burnt offerings or the fat of animals but man's soul itself.

This was the real triumph of the prophets and its influence on Western thought was decisive. The book traces the development of that concept in a mood of cool and liberal scholarship. Above all, the author has done us a service in reminding us, that though the trumpet of prophecy may have been inspired gold, the breath that animated it was "human, all too human!"

N. S. Walton

CORPUS OF JOE BAILEY: Oakley Hall; Macmillan; pp. 479; \$5.50.

Corpus of Joe Bailey is a solemn, conscientious documentary, at times reminiscent of the Kinsey Report, depicting the American way of life as lived in California from the early years of the depression into the post-war period. Oakley Hall writes in the naturalistic tradition; he seems to have no axe to grind; neither directly nor indirectly does he propound theories, or propose panaceas for the spiritual ills which afflict his people. He records, with some vividness and in painstaking detail, the actions and reactions of his characters; he sympathises with them no doubt, but never loses his detachment to the point where one suspects him of tampering with the evidence.

The world into which Joe Bailey is born is a world of middle-class comfort and Babbitt-like idealism. That world collapses and Joe is set adrift. He is never hungry, never naked; but he is distrustful, embittered, because the old security of comparative wealth and clearly-seen limited objectives is denied him. With him, through a world they can neither love nor understand, move the companions of his childhood, like him seeking a meaning to life and finding none. Not even the war has meaning, except in terms of immediate physical experience.

Hall suggests with genuine power the sad hopelessness of a way of life in which there is no success that cannot be measured in material terms, no goal but the accumulation of goods and sensations. The men and women of his book live and love without joy, without belief; there is nothing in the world they know that can satisfy their hunger. By the time the action of the book ends the material depression has long since passed; it has been replaced by an appalling spiritual depression which seems to render all ends striven for, barren and worthless. Perhaps Joe Bailey dimly comprehends what is wrong with himself and his world, but there seems little he can do to set things right.

It is no small feat to catch a whole people in a moment of time. That Oakley Hall has come measurably close to doing so stamps him as a writer not merely of great promise but of very considerable achievement.

Edward McCourt

THE END OF THE WORLD: Kenneth Hauer; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 220; \$3.25.

Time and again the end of the world has been confidently, and fearfully, expected, as imminent. This interesting and readable book which, to quote Albert Einstein, "is rich in ideas and offers much solid knowledge in an easily digestible and very attractive form," recounts not only those occasions which are a matter of history but also a considerable number of possible astronomical occurrences any one of which might end terrestrial life but the chances of whose arrival is extremely small and remote. Among these is the eventual approach of the moon to the earth. A collision of a star with the sun would be fatal indeed but fortunately it has been calculated that a star the size of the sun will collide with a similar star only once in 200,000,000,000,000 years, which should make for a low accident insurance rate. "The sun, a typical star, may some day explode." The insurance rate is low here too.

The atom, or, rather, the hydrogen bomb, discussed at some length is a different matter. In a letter to the author, Feb. 29, 1952, Einstein wrote: "To me it is enough to know that the continuation of the existence of human beings is in serious doubt if no supra-national solution can be achieved." A 500- to 10,000-ton H-bomb might—the calculations differ—"produce enough radioactive dust to poison the entire atmosphere." So the present situation is much more serious than that, for example, which caused a panic when the mathematician Lalande was supposed to have predicted that "On

May 20 or 21, 1773, a comet would cross the earth's path, collide with the earth, and produce the end of the world."

W.W.E.R.

FATHER, GOD BLESS HIM: E. A. Corbett; Ryerson; pp. 76; \$2.50.

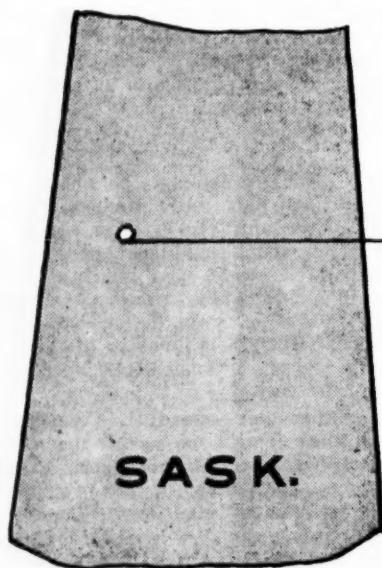
In this little book Dr. Corbett creates an unforgettable portrait of his father, a Presbyterian minister who was also an enthusiastic horseman. Anyone who has ever heard Dr. Corbett speak knows how his gift for humorous anecdotes can enliven the dullest story, and his story of a minister and his family is far from dull.

The elder Corbett was a remarkable man. Although his salary rarely exceeded \$800 a year, he raised eight children and saw them all graduate from universities. While his passion for the Old Testament was shared by many other Presbyterian ministers, it is doubtful whether any other combined with it an almost equally fervent passion for fast horses, and the ability to subdue turbulent lumberjacks with his fists if the power of the Gospel failed to do the trick.

In his vivid and entertaining style Dr. Corbett describes life as he knew it in his father's successive pastorates of Tyne Valley, P.E.I.; South Framington, Mass.; St. Andrews, Kirkland, and Blackville, N.B.; and Rockburn, Que. Each congregation presents its own particular characteristics and problems, and Father copes with them all in his own uninhibited style. The emphasis is on the human rather than the ecclesiastic, and the result is a delightful picture of Canadian rural and small-town life around the turn of the century.

While Father is the central figure, the book also gives a fascinating account of Dr. Corbett's own youthful experiences, and readers will be looking forward hopefully to continuing that story in a later volume.

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The major criticism that can be directed at *Father, God Bless Him* is that the price seems unnecessarily high for a book of this size.
Edith Fowke.

TASTE OF DEATH: Fenn McGrew; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 250; \$3.00.

Murder in a girls' private school offers equal opportunity for the niceties of detection and feminine psychology. In *Taste of Death* the latter element wins hands down. In the purely criminal part of the proceedings, the author has signally failed to give us a run for our entrance fee.

The plot is built around the preparation for the school's production of "Julius Caesar." The young director of the play is found stabbed on the very spot she had chosen for the mock slaying of Caesar. Suspicion falls on all the teachers and one "problem" student—each with apparently equal motives, each with the opportunity. Given this and a paucity of evidence it is obviously open to the author to wait until the very last page before disclosing the criminal. As it happens, the key piece of evidence—an overheard conversation (scarcely brilliant detecting) — discloses the criminal.

The book has other merits however . . . skilful delineation of character, and a scalpel-like revealing of the obscure motives of the feminine mind in an all-female environment. Here are women as believable as your mother-in-law.

N. S. Walton

THE BOYDS OF BLACK RIVER: Walter D. Edmonds; (Dodd, Mead); pp. 248; \$3.50.

By the author of *Drums Along The Mohawk* and subtitled "a family chronicle," this is an unimportant novel about a horsey family in Upper New York State. It has an honestly rural atmosphere in which are set an assortment of quaint characters and the inevitable glamourous city girl who rescues the old homestead from too much masculinity (and horse). A love story, a trotting race and various rural activities are included. H.T.K.

H.T.K.

THE FIFTH GENERATION: Dante Arfelli; Saunders (Scribner's); pp. 333; \$4.50.

THE COMMANDER COMES TO DINE: Mario Soldati; Longmans, Green (John Lehmann); pp. 223; \$2.50.

The Fifth Generation is a novel about life in an Italian fishing village, the pain of adolescence, the war, and politics in the twilight of the Fascist era. Mr. Arfelli is on the side of the angels, but he is soft precisely when he should be intense. In translation his style is smooth enough at the same time rather sluggish; and unfortunately his novel is long and slow and almost unbearably dull.

Mario Soldati's *The Commander Comes to Dine*, also a translation from the Italian, consists of three stories supposedly written by an "old and forgotten . . . impresario of lyric opera"—the Commander of the title. This contrivance is handled quite baldly and disarmingly, and the atmosphere of deliberate invention adds a good deal to the charm of the book. The Commander is elderly, aloof, sceptical; he is also rather sad, wistful and humane; and he has chosen to tell stories in which, through accident, he has been exposed to the mysteries of duplicity and pride, loneliness and love. In each story the clue to the mystery lies in the characters, and the clue is pursued in a manner which is, in the best sense, intellectual. Mr. Soldati's stories are quiet, sombre, civilized, and they seem to me an impressive minor achievement.

Robert Weaver.

Books Received

THE DEEP SIX: Martin Dibner; Doubleday; pp. 321; \$3.85.
SUNDRY CREDITORS: Nigel Balchin; Collins; pp. 256; \$2.75.
AN APPRAISAL OF ANTHROPOLOGY TODAY: edited by Sol Tax and others; W. J. Gage; pp. 395; \$6.00.
THE LEDGER IS KEPT: Raymond Postgate; Michael Joseph; pp. 223; \$2.75.
THIS HAPPY RURAL SEAT: George Lanning; Nelson, Foster & Scott; pp. 270; \$4.50.
THE OUTSIDER: Richard Wright; Musson; pp. 405; \$3.95.
DOM CASMURRO: Machado de Assis; Longmans, Green; pp. 285; \$4.00.
THE PLANTATION: Ovid Williams Pierce; Doubleday; pp. 217; \$3.50.
THE LAND THAT TOUCHES MINE: John Sandford; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 222; \$2.75.
WAIT THE WITHERING RAIN: Austin L. Porterfield; Leo Potishman Foundation (Fort Worth); pp. 147; \$2.50 (U.S.A.)
ONLY THE SILENT HEAR: Kenneth Walker; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 190; \$2.75.
SUBSTITUTE FOR FEAR: Hugh Cleveland Ross; House-Warven (Hollywood, Calif.); pp. 88; \$3.00. (U.S.A.)
GODWIN'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY: An interpretation of William Godwin; D. H. Monro; Oxford; pp. 205; \$2.25.
EMILE ZOLA: F. W. J. Hemmings; Oxford; \$4.50.
THOMAS BEWICK: Montague Weekly; Oxford; pp. 224; \$3.25.
WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE ENGLISH OPPOSITION 1672-4: K. H. D. Haley; Oxford; pp. 231; \$3.75.
HERODOTUS: John L. Myres; Oxford; pp. 315; \$4.50.
MUHAMMAD AT MECCA: W. Montgomery Watt; Oxford; pp. 192; \$2.75.
BORIS GODUNOV: Alexander Puskin trans. by Philip L. Barbour; Oxford; pp. 196; \$3.50.
A HOPKINS READER: selected by John Pick; Oxford; pp. 317; \$4.25.
PURSUIT OF PROGRESS: Roy Jenkins; British Book Service; pp. 186; \$2.50.
TWO STUDIES IN VIRTUE: Christopher Sykes; Collins; pp. 256; \$3.25.
CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA: Gustav Janouch; introd. by Max Brod; Ryerson; pp. 109; \$2.00.
OF JEWISH MUSIC: Israel Rabinovitch; trans. by A. M. Klein; Book Centre; pp. 321; \$5.00.
HAROLD LASKI: Kingsley Martin; Macmillan; pp. 278; \$4.75.

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THIS WAS MY WORLD: Robert St. John; Doubleday; pp. 380; \$4.50.
 WINSTON CHURCHILL: Virginia Cowles; British Book Service; (Hamish Hamilton); pp. 378; \$4.00.
 ANTHEM: Ayn Rand; The Caxton Printers; pp. 105; \$3.00 (U.S.A.)
 A SHORT LEASE: Ernest Frost; Longman's, Green; pp. 279; \$2.50.
 THE FLAGELLANT OF SEVILLE: Paul Morand; Longman's, Green; pp. 349; \$2.50.
 KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE: Rumer Godden; Macmillan; pp. 294; \$2.50.
 THE HOUSE OF MOREYS: Phyllis Bentley; Macmillan; pp. 283; \$2.50.
 THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY: John J. McCloy; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 81; \$2.75.
 MINERALS—A KEY TO SOVIET POWER: Demitri B. Shimkin; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 452; \$10.75.
 THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO: Howard F. Cline; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 452; \$8.00.
 THE UNITED STATES AND INDIA AND PAKISTAN: W. Norman Brown; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 308; \$6.00.
 THE GOLD COAST REVOLUTION: George Padmore; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 272; \$3.25.

Our Contributors

WILLIAM JAMES HALL, of Deseronto, Ontario, was born in Korea and speaks Korean. During the summer of 1950 he was on the staff of the UN's Department of Public Information at Lake Success. He contributed an article, "Face Saving in Korea" to our issue of March, 1953 . . . J. B. CONACHER is with the department of history of the University of Toronto . . . EIRWEN JONES, of Llandilo, South Wales, is author of *British and American Tapestries* . . . LEE BRIAN lives in Eugene, Oregon . . . SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET, who is with the Department of Sociology, Columbia University, writes an eyewitness report of the Berlin riots.

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